

THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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EDITORIAL

The Editor of the Alabama Historical Quarterly regrets that the magazine has not in recent months been issued on time, the explanation being, as stated in the Summer issue, that the cost of publication has more than doubled and the annual appropriation is not sufficient to bring out four numbers each year. This condition will be improved, however, if the Legislature now in session carries out the budget for the Department of Archives and History as recommended by the Interim Committee held in the late Spring. That budget doubles the appropriation for the Quarterly and will make it possible to bring it out on time.

The articles in this issue are varied in subject matter, each an interesting presentation of certain phases of our history. Material for the Winter issue is well in hand but it will be several months before it can be published for lack of funds.

MARIE BANKHEAD OWEN, Editor.



Presentation of bronze bust of former Governor William C. Oates to the State Department of Archives and History by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Thomas Leiter (Marion Oates) of Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM CALVIN OATES

November 30, 1833 - September 9, 1910

Twenty-ninth Governor of Alabama

By Walter B. Jones, Presiding Judge,

Fifteenth Judicial Circuit of Alabama.

(The occasion of this tribute was the presentation of a bronze bust of former Governor Oates to the Alabama State Department of Archives and History by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Thomas Leiter (Marion Oates) of Washington, D. C., December 2, 1946. The exercises took place in the Spanish-American War lobby in the marble hall of the World War Memorial Building and brought together a number of State officials and personal friends of the Oates family. Lucien D. Gardner, Chief Justice of the Alabama Supreme Court, presided. The bust is the work of Bryant Baker, an eminent British and American sculptor.)

We are met here this afternoon to pay tribute to the memory of one of Alabama's most useful and most distinguished sons, William Calvin Oates. He lived from 1833 to 1910, a little less than eighty years. Those were the years in which he lived and made the record of his life. And what a record! So glorious and so useful! And it is our happy privilege this afternoon to turn our hearts and minds back over the period in which this good and great man lived.

The record of Wm. C. Oates is a record that will ever live in the history of our State. It is a record which for countless generations to come will be an inspiration to the boys and girls of Alabama, especially those who have to contend with poverty and adversity. It is a record which the historian of the past has found pleasure in considering, and it is a record which the historian of the future will take delight and pride in preserving. It is the record of an outstanding son of our State, one who loved Alabama all the days of his life, one who was nursed at her breast, and one who now sleeps peacefully in her bosom. It is the record of a son who was happiest when serving his State and his people. This record is a record, too, which wears in its crown those things which men and women hold dearest: courage, honor, patience, toil, loyalty and high-mindedness.

We Marvel at His Accomplishments.

As we study this record and look back on the life of the man who wrought it, we are amazed at the things he accomplished and the number of military and civil offices Wm. C. Oates held. He was a country school teacher, the editor of a country weekly, a member of the General Assembly of Alabama, a member of two Constitutional Conventions, 1875 and 1901, a congressman of the United States for six consecutive terms, a leader of his political party for more than half a century, the governor of his State, an author of distinction, and a soldier in two wars—captain and colonel in the armies of the Confederate States during the War for Southern Independence, and a brigadier general in the war with Spain, 1898. No other son of Alabama in all the long history of the State has ever held so many different civil and military offices as did Wm. C. Oates.

The great Alabamian we honor here this afternoon in the capital city of his State, and within little more than a stone's throw of the home in which he lived for the last fifteen years of his life, not only held all these positions of trust, but he held them with honor and distinction. This great patriot discharged every duty that came to him with fidelity, ability and loyalty. His State and his people honored him time after time. Wm. C. Oates was grateful, for his was a grateful heart, and he showed his gratitude by giving to the service of his people the noblest and best that was in his heart and mind. Alabama takes a deep pride in the memory of Wm. C. Oates, and will ever cherish the greatness of his deeds and the nobility of his soul.

Brief Review of His Life.

A brief review of the life of him in whose honor we meet today tells us that the twenty-ninth governor of Alabama was born November 30, 1833, one hundred and eleven years ago last Saturday in what is now a part of Bullock County, Alabama. On the spear side of the family his ancestors were Welsh, and on the distaff side they were French and Irish.

Young Oates had limited educational opportunities and, as he said himself, he was "born in poverty" and "reared in adver-

sity." But, being ambitious and studious, he largely educated himself. Then, next, he became the teacher of a small country school. But his desire for a better education sent him back to school; after teaching for a few months he again became a student and finished the equivalent of a high school course at old Lawrenceville.

Then young Oates realized that the profession of law presented opportunities for public service. So, in the offices of a distinguished firm, Pugh, Bullock & Buford, at Eufaula, he began the study of law. The law never had an apter student. Studying for four months continuously, sixteen hours a day, he mastered the fundamentals of the law, stood a rigid examination and was admitted to practice law in 1858. At once he opened a law office at Abbeville, and at the same time edited a country newspaper.

Invasion of the South Calls Him to Battle

Young Oates, however, was not for long to remain a lawyer and editor. Soon he was to be called to the field of battle. January 11, 1861, Alabama, her constitutional rights derided and flouted in the Union, found it necessary for her welfare to withdraw from the federal union and to resume her full sovereignty. April 12, Abraham Lincoln, violating his pledge, attempted to reinforce the garrison at Fort Sumter, South Carolina. The guns of the Confederacy reduced the fort to rubble and the garrison to surrender. The War for Southern Independence was now begun. Young Oates immediately buckled on his sword, organized a company of infantry among his fellows, and soon marched off to the battle fields of Virginia to become a part of the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment of Infantry.

The young Alabamian, of commanding presence, was a born fighter and leader. He led his command bravely in more than twenty-five battles and fought his way to a colonelcy in the Confederate Army. At Gettysburg his regiment held the extreme right of Longstreet's Corps in the Confederate line when it assaulted the federal forces posted on 'Little Round Top,' July 2, 1863, and came very near turning the battle into victory for the armies of Robert E. Lee. Colonel Oates' regiment arrived on the battle field after a forced twenty-eight mile march. It was here too that Colonel Oates lost his beloved brother, who "fell

upon the heights of Gettysburg, pierced through with eight bullets."

Battle after battle saw Colonel Oates swing into action. He was with Hood's division in the West. His sword flashed high amid the smoke and cannonade at Chickamauga. It swung high before the regiment at Lookout Mountain, and it flashed in the early morning sun at Fussell's Mill, near Petersburg. There on August 16, 1864, Wm. C. Oates gave his right arm for the Confederacy. It was the loss of this arm which prevented the Confederate warrior from becoming a brigadier general in the Confederate Army, a promotion which General John B. Hood, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, had recommended.

After that grievous wound had healed, Colonel Oates returned to his military duties. And when the Confederacy forever furled her battle flags and her banner became the Conquered Banner of song and story, at Appomattox Court House on that historic Palm Sunday, April, 1865, the one-armed, Alabama colonel made his weary way back to his native State and resumed the practice of his profession.

The Years Pass By

The years pass slowly by, and we see the former Confederate soldier back among his people, laboring for their good. The Democratic and Conservative Party needs him to battle for the success of its principles, and in 1868 the party sends him as a delegate to the National Convention at New York City.

Colonel Oates' people recognize his ability and character. They send him to the General Assembly of Alabama, and that body makes him the chairman of its important Ways and Means Committee. No member exceeds him in industry and ability.

In 1875 Alabama, having redeemed itself from the rule of the Scalawags, Carpet Baggers, Radicals, and Black Republicans, has need of a new constitution. The State calls a constitutional convention and Colonel Oates takes his seat as a delegate. He serves all through the convention from Sept. 6, 1875 to adjournment on October second, and was the chairman of the con-

vention's judiciary committee. Six weeks later, November 17, the people of the State adopted the Constitution by an overwhelming majority of votes, and it became the organic law of the law of the State and remained so for more than a quarter of a century.

Spends Thirteen Years in Congress

Colonel Oates resumed his law practice, but the people had need of his great learning and experience again. So, in 1881 the people of his district sent Colonel Oates to the National House of Representatives at Washington. They kept him there just as long as he wished to remain. Six consecutive times they sent him back to Washington. He was an able and courageous congressman for thirteen years.

In Congress Colonel Oates devoted his great talents to the advancement of education and agriculture. He did not always vote strictly with his party. At times he felt some of the measures sponsored by it were not for the good of his country. So he voted against these, having the same conviction with President Rutherford B. Hayes, that he serves his party best who serves the country best.

Congressman Oates was always opposed to special and class legislation. When Congress sought to pass the direct refunding tax bill, he opposed the measure vigorously and led against it the longest filibuster that had occurred up to that time. "The Hero of Little Round Top" deadlocked the House of Representatives for eight days and nights and prevented the passage of the bill at that session.

The Governor of Alabama

In 1894 Alabama needed the strong will and indomitable courage of Wm. C. Oates as her chief executive. One of the greatest struggles ever made against a Democratic nominee in the State was directed against Colonel Oates. But he defeated Capt. Reuben F. Kolb, the candidate of the Jeffersonian Democrats and also backed by the Populists and the Republicans. Oates's majority was more than 27,000 votes.

Governor Oates handled the affairs of the State with sound

common sense, marked ability and great success. He established five additional agricultural schools, set up county and municipal boards to equalize the burdens of taxation, and favored measures to set up a sinking fund and gradually reduce the State debt. The Governor's special message on the public school system in Alabama ranks as one of the State's great State papers. He served only one term. During his canvass he announced that, if elected, he would not be a candidate for a second term, and the Governor held to his resolve. He retired December 1, 1896.

Appointed Brigadier General by McKinley

Retiring from the Governor's office, and now a little over sixty years of age, Governor Oates re-opened his law office in Montgomery, with the hope that his public duties were ended. But the Governor was not to remain in private life very long. For in 1898, April 19, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, 1775, the United States declared War on Spain. The regular army was not sufficient in size or strength to combat the foe. Volunteers flocked to the colors. William McKinley, President of the United States, looking for experienced military talent to command the volunteer armies, stepped across the old lines of sectional hate and misunderstanding, and William C. Oates became a Brigadier General of United States Volunteers.

"I Am Now a Yankee General"

In accepting his new military rank, the old Confederate Colonel who had so often led his forces against the United States Army, said: "Times change and we change with them. I believed implicitly in the righteousness of the cause of the Confederacy, and served it to the best of my ability until it went down in smoke and blood. The United States is now my government, and with my one arm I will serve it as faithfully as I did the Confederacy. I now don the Uniform and wave the flag upon which many times from 1861 to 1865 I ordered my command to fire. **I am now a Yankee General, formerly a Rebel Colonel, and right each time!**"

General Oates commanded three different brigades during the Spanish-American War. His brigades were composed largely of soldiers from Northern States, and they soon learned to love and respect the old warrior who had been with Lee at Gettys-

burg. But the war did not last very long, and the General did not get to see active service in Cuba, much to his great disappointment. He resigned his General's commission March, 1899, and again went back to his beloved law books.

A Constitution Maker Again in 1901.

If the old warrior, now 66 years old, thought that he was out of the public service, he thought incorrectly. In 1901 the people of Alabama decided that the Constitution of 1875, which the General helped to write, needed revision. A constitutional convention was called. William C. Oates again became a member, this time taking his seat as a delegate from the State-at-large. In a body where there were many able and wise statesmen, there was none abler nor wiser than Wm. C. Oates. The convention met at the State Capitol, Montgomery, May 21, and remained in session until September 3, 1901.

General Oates took an important part in the work of the convention and was chairman of the convention's Committee on the Legislative Department. He was also a member of the Committee on Suffrage and Elections.

General Oates, in common with many high-minded Alabamians in and out of the convention, did not believe in the 'Grandfather Clause' and did not give support to the blanket disfranchisement provisions of the proposed constitution. He felt that the 'Grandfather Clause' violated the United States Constitution and also objected to it because he said it was un-American and anti-Democratic and belongs to a regal or kingly form of government.

In his last speech to the convention General Oates explained the differences that had arisen between himself and the other delegates. "They contended," he said, "the convention was called to disfranchise the Negro. I contend that this view of the purpose was too narrow; that the convention was called to so reform and elevate the suffrage as to secure honest elections."

Feared Only to Do Wrong.

Once when General Oates was absent from the Convention because of a pressing engagement elsewhere, an important vote

was taken. Someone suggested that he was 'running away' from the vote. As soon as the old warrior and fighting Democrat heard this, he took the floor of the convention, and, rising to a question of personal privilege, thundered a scathing rebuke against the delegate who made the remark, saying:

"I never ran away from it. I don't know that it is wise, but I am not afraid of anything in God Almighty's world, except one thing, and that is to do wrong. Nothing else do I fear."

These are not words of self-praise; they are but the statement of a truth known to all—the courage that was ever in his soul.

Voted at the Polls to Ratify.

General Oates supported the new Constitution. He declared that it was not such an instrument as the people of Alabama were entitled to, and had a right to expect. But it was far better than the 1875 constitution and he thought it for the best interests of the State that it be ratified by the people. The election was held November 11, 1901. More than 135,000 voters went to the polls. The vote against ratification was 54,875; for ratification 81,734, and the Constitution of 1901 was ratified by a majority of 26,879 votes. Under this Constitution, which Wm. C. Oates helped to form, Alabama has prospered and grown great in strength and spirit.

Again Opens His Law Books.

Governor Oates again returned to his law books. His public career was ended. He was happy in private life with his family and the practice of his profession. In 1882 he had married Sarah Toney of Eufaula. She was born September 28, 1862. She was the devoted companion of his life. To them was born one child, a son, William Calvin Oates, Jr., at Roseland, Alabama, May 20, 1883. Governor Oates took great pride in his son and made him his executor. In his will (See Record of Wills, Vol. 8, pp. 146-148) probated in 1909 in Montgomery County, the father says: "William is now 25 years old, a well informed, young lawyer, and a man of good sense and good character. In him I have the utmost confidence." Wm. C. Oates, Jr. served as a captain in the First World War. Upon his return home he was elected the first commander of the American Legion Post here. In later

years Captain Oates served as the secretary of the State Securities Commission. He did his important work ably and faithfully. It is not an exaggeration to say that as a result of the fight Captain Oates waged against wild-cat stocks, the wise laws he framed for the State of Alabama to prevent frauds in the sale of stocks, the people of our State were saved many millions of dollars. Will Oates's memory should not be forgotten. William C. Oates, Jr. married Miss Georgia Saffold, of Montgomery, and this handsome gift to Alabama today comes from the generous heart of Governor Oates's granddaughter, Marion Oates Leiter, the only child of his beloved son.

At the Grave of Governor Oates.

Early today, as the first rays of the morning sun shone on the tombs at Oakwood Cemetery, I stood by the last resting place of Alabama's faithful and loyal son, in that peaceful city of the dead. A few feet south of his grave sleeps the companion of his life, the good wife, who died July 2, 1933. A few feet north of the Governor's grave rests the ashes of his only child and son, who died February 6, 1938.

In the center of the plot stands a majestic, marble monument, supporting a handsome bronze statue, eight feet tall, of the old warrior and statesman. On the east side of the monument is carved these words, written by William C. Oates to be his epitaph:

WILLIAM C. OATES
BORN NOVEMBER 30, 1833
DIED SEPTEMBER 9, 1910

BORN IN ADVERSITY, REARED IN POVERTY, WITHOUT EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES, YET BY HONEST INDIVIDUAL EFFORT HE OBTAINED A COMPETENCE AND THE CONFIDENCE OF HIS FELLOWMEN. WHILE FAIRLY LIBERAL TO RELATIVES AND THE WORTHY POOR. A DEVOTED CONFEDERATE SOLDIER, HE GAVE HIS RIGHT ARM FOR THE CAUSE. HE ACCEPTED THE RESULT OF THE WAR WITHOUT A MURMUR; AND IN 1898-9 HE WAS A BRIGADIER GENERAL OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

On the west face of the monument is this inscription:

"A SOLDIER IN TWO WARS, CAPTAIN, COLONEL, AND GENERAL; LEGISLATOR, MEMBER OF CONGRESS, AND GOVERNOR."

The Dead—They Are So Soon Forgot.

This monument was erected, and the inscriptions carved thereon, in obedience to the provisions of the Governor's Last Will. In Item 11 he says: "The dead, they are so soon forgot." And he directs his executor to erect the monument and specifies the words he wishes engraved on it. Explaining the inscription, the Governor says: "These inscriptions are not designed for ostentatious display, but to point the way to success to others who come after me."

William Calvin Oates wanted to live in the memory of his fellowmen, and in the memory of generations to come after him. "The dead, they are so soon forgot," he says in sharply affecting words.

But Alabama will not forgot her noble son, William Calvin Oates. He lives in the history of his State and in the memory of a grateful people.

This afternoon, as I think of this great Alabamian, I recall the words he spoke in the General Assembly of Alabama one day in November, 1871, when he paid tribute to the immortal General James H. Clanton of Alabama:

"No man ever lived within her borders, who was more devoted to his State than was the deceased to his beloved Alabama. Every measure calculated to redound to her glory, and add to her material prosperity, found in him a sincere friend and a fearless advocate. Whatever tended to her dishonor, foremost among her staunch defenders, he was ever ready to resist to the utmost extremity. His courage, both physical and moral, was of the highest order, yet it did not surpass his generosity. In his charge at Booneville, like the leader of the Old Guard at Waterloo, he displayed a sublimity of courage equal to the French Marshal whose response to the demands of his enemies was: "A Marshal of France never surrenders." He excited in his enemies both terror and admiration, as Murat did of the Cossacks; yet all the blows he ever inflicted, all his exertions, both mental, and physical, were but the outpourings of his generous nature, for the relief of the oppressed, and in the cause of right. Notwithstanding his impetuosity, when the exigency demanded it, he was cool, deliberate and cautious in counsel."

These eloquent words of tribute to General Clanton are the

true and fitting tribute also to General William C. Oates.

May the sun that lights the world by day, and the stars that shine by night, keep watch and ward over the grave of William C. Oates, and may the soul of Alabama's beloved son be with our Father in eternal and everlasting glory.

**TWO CONFEDERATE SURGEONS, NEGRO BODY GUARD
AND A HORSE, JOURNEY FROM DURHAM, NORTH
CAROLINA TO COLLIRENE, LOWNDES COUNTY,
ALABAMA, ON FIFTY CENTS**

**The experience of Drs. Hugh William Caffey and Dunklin
Pierce, Graduates of Charleston Medical College, As
Related By The Former To His Grandson, As
Recited Herein**

By Samuel W. Catts

On the morning General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered in North Carolina, I took my Oath of Allegiance at Durham. There the Yankee Medical Outfit cast all of its supplies into the street. The Confederates had none. All fighting was over, and all was haste by the respective opponents for home, the Southerners moving along the Southwestern Seaboard.

The tragedy of it, I had in my pockets on this morning something near One Thousand Dollars in Confederate money, then not worth the paper on which printed, to make my journey to Lowndes County, Alabama, and naught else. Seeing what the Yankees had cast overboard I recognized the value in a certain vial of medicine, took it into a drug store at Durham and sold it for fifty cents, United States coin. About this time Dunk, (Dr. Dunklin Pierce of Lowndes County), my first cousin who attended Charleston Medical College with me, rode in on a slab-sided horse followed by his negro body guard.

I found that Dunk, too, had taken his Oath of Allegiance. We went into consultation and started for home. The partnership procedure, concerning the horse, we agreed upon an alternated fifty-fifty basis. Fifty per cent of the time Dunk rode, got down, walked. I upped, and rode. The Negro body guard walking all the way.

The territory over which we traveled was much of that of the infamous, 'hell warring' Sherman had burnt in gloat of his ruthlessness and to be accredited first of its kind, in American warfare, as a glorious soldier. The Southern Confederates along this route who had supported and supplied its armies to utmost degree followed in the last results by the fires and ravishments

Sherman employed, was wholly deficient to feed a straggling, defeated army flowing through it.

There were days on this journey, like others, accepting food where it could be had, we were without, and our hunger was such we could eat the bark off of the trees, so to speak, and did from roots and herbs, the earth offered sap.

On our approach to Augusta, Georgia, a Confederate on about such a slab-sided, fleabitten appearing animal as the one we rode, came into our highway from across road. We introduced ourselves and found he was a Confederate from Alabama, a Mr. Judkins of Elmore County. We inquired if he had taken his Oath of Allegiance? With an oath in name of the Creator of Heaven and Earth, he swore he had not, and never expected to! We assured him we could not say, but thought the issue was approaching a test as we were nearing the City of Augusta and all bridges of any consequence we had encountered were amply guarded and Oath of Allegiance exacted in lack of evidence otherwise.

When we neared this bridge our Confederate companion beheld the armed guards upon it, and we decided to calmly observe his process of crossing it. In his manoeuvres, he fired up his steed by slamming a spur into him, raced him head long towards the bridge, whirled him back up the highway, took a new start, and under spurring vigor he and his steed hit the bridge for all acceleration could be had. The guards began firing at him and it seemed to us he was knocking aloose all the planks of the bridge in his heroic event. It was our opinion the guards did not attempt to kill him, but that be as it may, he beat us to Alabama, for we never saw him again.

The last ten of our fifty cents was paid to the ferryman at West Point, Ga., to set two Confederates, a Negro body guard and a horse across the Chattahoochie. In Alabama, as we neared Tuskegee, Dunk began to brag what a meal we would receive from a lady relative (on the off side from mine) of his house. I remarked to him: "It remains to be seen, Dunk, for we have passed many an Old Colonial where people who once lived in affluence, we found destitute." We arrived, and Dunk was given the admonition if he received the welcome he was guaranteeing, to send his horse back by his body guard to the square for me.

I beheld him ride up to an Old Home, his body guard held the stirrup for his 'Marster' to dismount and to take charge of the rein, Dunk mounts steps, seizes a pull-knocker, a lady appears, Dunk returns to his steed, remounts and comes riding into the square. More than this I heard him cuss a house, the like I never heard before. To his dying day he could not be unconvinced that lavish food and great affluence remained there.

On our continued journey we arrived at Line Creek, the boundary between Macon and Montgomery Counties. Our appearance on this morning was that of a couple of vagabonds. We had no lice on us, but such possibility could not be gainsaid except by ourselves and we were ashamed to arrive and be seen in Montgomery in this condition by our friends, so we had the negro body guard wash out our clothes, hang them on bushes to dry as we reposed in the shade of the trees.

Again our journey was resumed and on this day near sunset, I remarked to Dunk: "We are now approaching the home of one of my relatives, Mr. Hugh Madison Caffey. These are his acres and yonder sits his home off of this Mt. Meigs road. I shall not do any bragging, Dunk, but we shall see what kind of a reception can be given us." We ascended the sloping grade, passed through the 'Big Gate' and came to the inner 'little gate' and hitching post. Dunk dismounted and we proceeded up the walkway. A gentleman sat on his gallery, looked us o'er, recognized me, came down to greet us, gathered each in an arm and assured us of his welcome: took us upstairs got us into some of his garments; had us a roaring hot supper, stated we should rest as long as we pleased, and when our journey was resumed he would send us home to Lowndes in his carriage.

At breakfast, next morning, we stated we had been so long from home we were ready to start. In his carriage he rode as far as Montgomery with us, the negro body guard on Dunk's horse led Mr. Caffey's saddle animal for his return from Montgomery to his home.

Thus did two Confederate Surgeons, a Negro body guard and a horse travel from Durham, North Carolina, to Collirene, Lowndes County, Alabama, on fifty cents,—present coin of the realm.

**GENERAL JAMES H. CLANTON, CONFEDERATE SOLDIER,
PATRIOT AND COURAGEOUS ALABAMIAN**

Mrs. Marie Bankhead Owen,
Department of Archives and History,
Memorial Building,
Montgomery, Alabama.

Dear Mrs. Owen:—

Following your request that I give you in writing the several incidents I did orally concerning the courageous character of General James H. Clanton and his resentment and resolve to free Alabama from carpet baggers' reign when rule and ruin was in power, I do so from recitals of the incidents to me by those Confederate Soldiers of his time who were acquainted with the facts.

The first of these was from my father-in-law, Mr. John T. Northington, native of Autauga County. But first to qualify him as a Confederate Soldier, I shall have to begin with his boyhood statement:

"When the students from the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa followed in behind Wilson's Raid on Selma, I quit my home near Autaugaville at 16 years of age and 'fell in' with these students. When we reached Big Mulberry Creek on the West side of the Alabama River this stream was in tremendous flood. During the night it was learned that a part of Wilson's raiders would double back from Selma on the West side of the River and I took two big husky negroes and we crawled out on the bridge over that stream and cut three spans, or tiers, out of it. It held up these raiders when they reached it next morning for about six hours. We were forced to retreat and near Old Vernon on the Alabama we fought a skirmish battle. The thing which has most lingered with me from the fight were the words of our Commander, who whenever near and it was possible, commanded me: 'Give 'em hell, John! Give 'em hell!'"

"Three years later I left my father's home and came to Montgomery 'to get out on my own'. I learned in due course that General Clanton was 'building him up an army to rid Alabama of carpet baggers and to restore his State to safe and

sound Government ere it was financially and otherwise destroyed.' The rabble, with kinky heads in full brotherly love and fond embrace, were issuing bonds and committing other ruinous acts against the State, which even to this date, it has not been possible to discharge.

"General Clanton considered he needed in his army 'young bucks'. It was not a question of the bravery of the old Confederate soldier who had demonstrated this fact on many battle fields drenched with Yankee blood, but these warriors had returned home to decimation and considering the destitute circumstances of their wives and children they could not take chances on the consequences of prejudgments and convictions from Federal Courts. Yet there were many, regardless of consequences just as resolute, abiding the time when Alabama could be redeemed, but it was General Clanton who took us out at night and drilled us somewhere in the area North of the ground on which is now located the freight house of the Western Railway of Alabama.

"Never the number of votes sent up from the Black Belt Counties of Alabama and all others over the State could be found sufficient to vote the radicals out, voting the names of those legally qualified and those of all the dead dogs, mules, niggers and those taken from tombstones. The same prevailed in County elections; but, in due course County by County first succeeded in accomplishing redemption and running the 'baggers' out, Gradually by legal means it was being done. Then arrived the time for a 'show down' for the State of Alabama. On completed returns, all boxes were counted in and we had our watchers within and without the Capitol: day and night; something never before so effective: nothing could go out and nothing come in.

"General Clanton had on his stalmate, and there they sat in the State Senate Chamber for three days without counting, claiming some boxes were missing and had not 'come in.' On this third day the General gave his ultimatum: 'I give you until twelve o'clock noon to-morrow to count this vote!'

"In ample time General Clanton's assemblage filed into Court Square. From Court Square he issued an order for one of his soldiers to walk from there up Dexter Avenue up Capitol

steps and into the Senate Chamber, return and report to him the exact time required. When marching time arrived, the procession proceeded up Dexter Avenue young and old with one resolve, State Recovery and Redemption!

"That General heading the procession stepped into the Senate Chamber, drew a bead on the clock with a forty-four. I was standing behind him. It lacked one minute to twelve o'clock, and these are his words:

'The day, the hour, and the time has come to count this vote! Proceed to count it! or blood will flow freer than water, and by God, I am here to start it!'

"Under his command the count proceeded, and by it Alabama was repossessed and the State redeemed.

Secondly, two other accredited incidents concerning the courage of General Clanton, irrespective of consequences, was related to me by my Grandfather, Dr. Hugh William Caffey, a Confederate Surgeon who enlisted from Lowndes County. We stood on Court Square and he pointed out the whereabouts as a young boy his family resided on this Square, and we proceeded up Dexter Avenue. Here, said he, "at the exact spot the message went out from the Confederate Capitol 'to fire on Ft. Sumter', General Clanton is reputed to have kicked a Provisional Judge from the side walk, and when as a lawyer he was arguing his case before another Provisional Judge, this Judge is said to have remarked to General Clanton:

"General Clanton, I will direct to your attention the fact that there are brass spittoons in this Courtroom." And it is said General Clanton replied to him, as follows:

"I have observed that there is a great increase of brass in this Courtroom! My forebears participated in the erection of this edifice, and I will spit where I damn please!" (kerchew!)

Ever sincerely yours,

Sam'l W. Catts

Montgomery, Ala.,
March 20th, 1946

JOHN FOWLER AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.

By Joseph H. Lyons, Mobile, Ala.

John E. Fowler was born in Saltillo, Lee County, Mississippi, in the year of Eighteen hundred and sixty-two. He came to Mobile when he was twenty-two years of age and resided in Mobile up to the time of his death on October 2nd, 1939. His occupation was that of a clock and sewing machine repair man. His ability in repairing clocks was so unusual that it could be said that in this, his chief line of work, he was a genius. He was also an inventor, a preacher and an advocate of social reforms. He began to exhibit an interest in flying machines about the year of 1890. Over a period of years three different airplanes were built by him—one was on display for quite a while in Monroe Park, a recreational park, owned by the Street Railway Company.

It is said, upon what authority I do not know, that Orville and Wilbur Wright came to Mobile to see a model of an airplane constructed by John E. Fowler. The epochal flight of the Wright Bros. at Kitty Hawk, N. C. was in the year 1903. The first plane of Fowler's was destroyed by a brother and some friends of Fowler's; they feared that Fowler would kill himself in trying to fly the machine. Fowler built a second plane and some members of Fowler's family claim that the plane was aloft for a brief time. His third plane was built in 1925 and Fowler sought to so construct this plane that it would fly straight up like an autogyro. Friends of Fowler's say that the propeller used in this plane was patented. Fowler's airplanes were not equipped with internal combustion engines. He knew nothing of such an engine. His planes were to be made to fly by clock machinery, driving a propeller at such a rate of speed as to cause it to fly, even if it were weighted down with the clock machinery. In other respects, Fowler's planes were similar to the earliest planes that were flown. It is doubted that any of Fowler's machines really flew. Though he may not have been successful in making a machine that would fly, he was one of the earliest Americans to realize that the "flying age" was near. Fowler was one of the best known citizens of Mobile and his fame did not depend alone on his efforts to perfect the flying machine,

There never has been any one in Mobile who could repair clocks with the same wizardry as John Fowler. The historic County Clock in the belfry of our Court house in Mobile, was damaged by the hurricane of 1916. An expert clock maker was brought to Mobile from a Northern City to repair the County clock. He failed to make the clock operate. John Fowler was then called upon to make the necessary repairs and he did so in a short time.

Although he did not have any church, nor belong to any particular denomination, he preached regularly on Sundays on the river front of Mobile. His pulpit usually was a clump of piling which would place him several feet above the level of the wharf upon which his hearers stood. As a rule he drew a crowd. He was an advanced thinker on social matters and spent much of the money that he earned in clock repairing in advertising his "pet theories." He was an unique character and old Mobilians still talk of him with reverent admiration.

It is proper that I acknowledge my indebtedness to the Mobile Press and Mobile Register. It was from the files of the Press and Register that I obtained the information contained in this article.

Since the above was dictated and written an article has appeared in the Mobile Register of August 8th, 1946, as part of a Column entitled "Our Yesterdays."

"Fifty Years Ago."

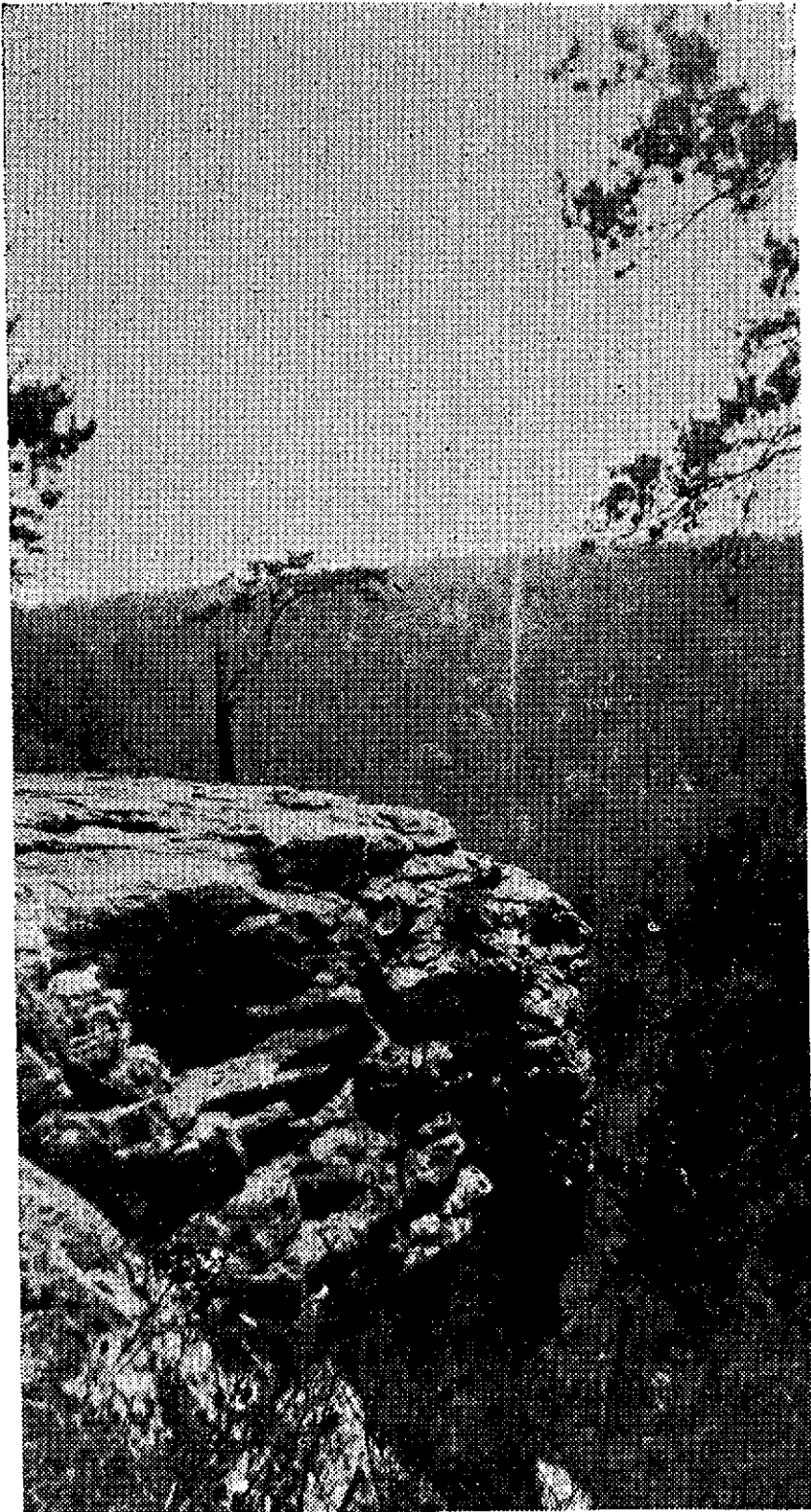
SATURDAY, August 8, 1896. Early yesterday John Fowler resumed the work of moving his boat. He got safely over the Shell Road, but instead of resting there to finish the boat, he pushed on and about 11 o'clock had her floated. The launching was altogether informal. There remains considerable work yet to be done. The bow is not complete, the center board, master outrigger and rudder have not yet materialized."

It will be seen from the above that John Fowler was even more versatile than I thought he was.

Joseph H. Lyons, August 9th, 1946.

BUCK'S POCKET

By Clyde T. Roden
(Rt. 2, Fort Payne, Ala.)



In the Southwest part of DeKalb County where the county joins Jackson and Marshall Counties there is a large cove known as Buck's Pocket. For rugged mountain beauty it is unsurpassed anywhere in the south.

This cove is about 12 miles long and averages 2 to 4 miles wide. Many smaller coves join with this one making a large uninhabited area,

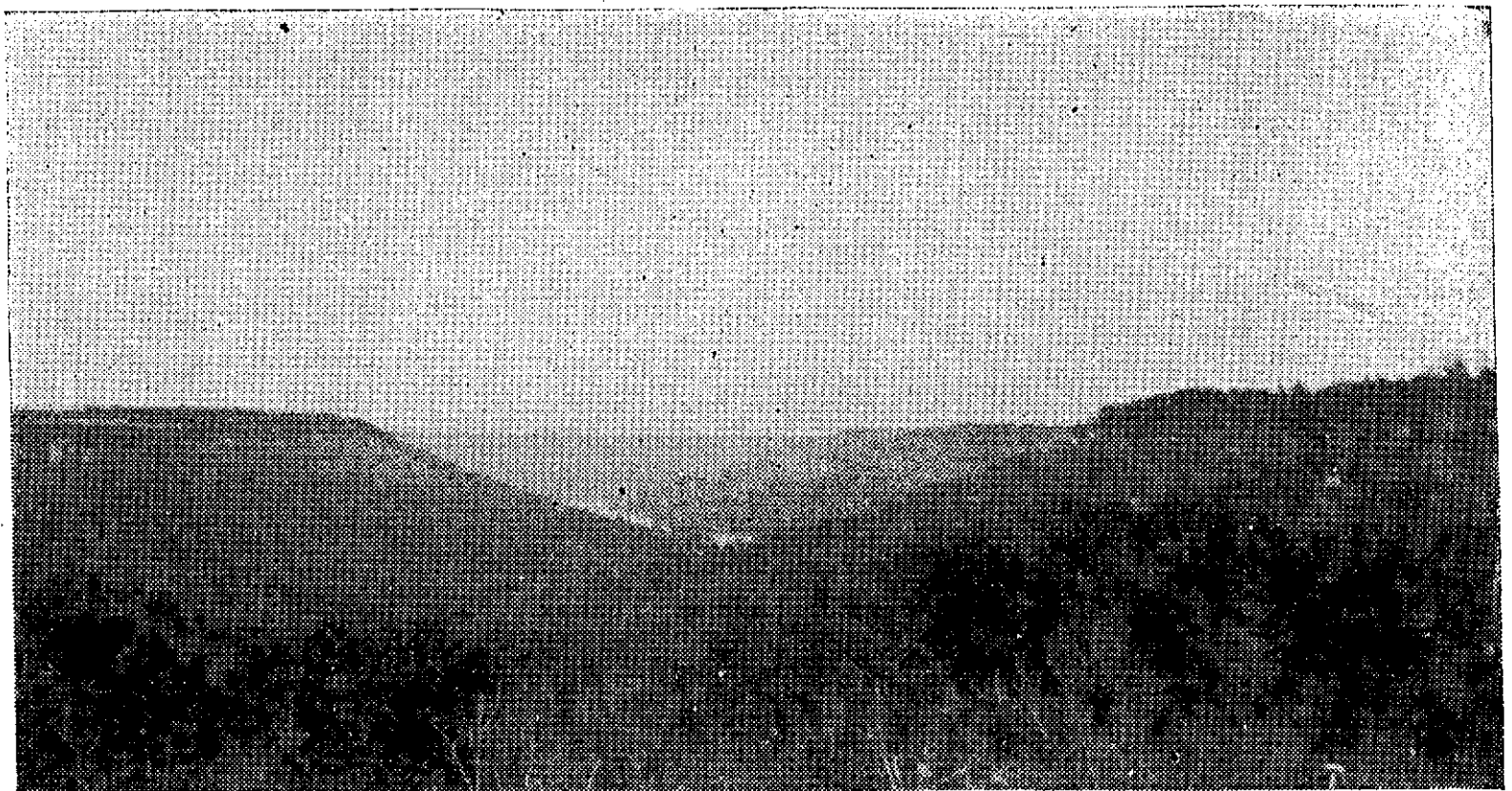
This place is rich in Cherokee Indian history and is thought to have been one of the chief encampments and hunting grounds in their domain. When a person sees Buck's pocket it is not difficult to understand why the Cherokees chose it for a village. The cove lies north and south in length with Sauty Creek flowing in at the north end and entering Tennessee River on the south end. Many

springs are in the cove and the floor is covered with a lush grass and must have been an ideal grazing ground for deer and a refuge for other wild animals during the time of the Indians.

Much evidence is to be found today that the Cherokees inhabited the cove. There are two large burial grounds and camp sites are also in evidence. So far as is known there has been very little searching for Indian relics. Several years ago a mound was opened and preserved bones and some trinkets which were buried with the dead were found. These included a beautifully executed vase of a good grade porcelain. It is hoped that

in the near future many more relics will be found and added to our State Museum.

Local folklore has it that soon after the Indians left and the surrounding area was settled by the pioneers, Indians returned and recovered buried treasure. There are to be found carvings of snakes and fowls on rocks and birches which line Sauty Creek.



Since the Tennessee Valley Authority constructed a hydro-electric plant at Guntersville, the lower reaches of the cove have been covered with water. This reservoir covers hundreds of acres of land up the river past Scottsboro and some of the most beautiful and placid lakes in the United States are in this vicinity. One such lake is in the lower part of Buck's Pocket and Morgan's Cove. This Lake is several acres in size and is surrounded by high walls of mountain and bluff. Because of its depth it is an ideal place for boating and fish are here in great numbers. Authorities recently decided not to limit a fisherman's catch as they are becoming so numerous in the lakes. Practically all fresh water fish are to be found here.

In the fall wild duck come here for the winter. They are not so numerous but do their part in making the lake a place of beauty. Wild life consists of rabbit, ground squirrel, fox squirrel, gray and red fox, raccoon, mink, opossum, and a small number of wild-cat. Birds of every species in the south are here in large quantities.

The people of the surrounding communities hope that some-

time soon Buck's Pocket will be opened up to the public. Due to road conditions there are few people outside the immediate community who know of the beauty of the coves. With the opening of a road and better camping and boating facilities constructed, Buck's pocket will compare favorably with any vacation ground in the south.

Due to road conditions citizens of the surrounding towns of Fort Payne, Scottsboro, Guntersville and Albertville do not realize there is a wonderful vacation land so near them. Let us hope that this playground will soon be opened to the people of our great state.

STATES AT LARGE

1877 - 1879

(Through the kindness of Mrs. Henry Certain of Huntsville, Alabama, the following interesting clippings from OUR HOME JOURNAL, an old publication giving news of the various states in 1877-1879, are presented here as a continuation of the same type of material as in No. 2, Vol. 7. These clippings will be continued in other issues of the Quarterly.)

ALABAMA

Mobile taxes drummers from a distance.

Gov. Cobb is S. G. W. of the Grand Lodge of Masons.

Coal is being shipped from Gadsden to Rome, Ga.

Cullman boasts of not having a single colored citizen.

Corn is selling in Paint Rock Valley at 25 cents per bushel.

Several families from Ohio and Indiana have arrived at Athens.

A. Black, Jr., has been appointed Notary Public of Pike county.

Mrs. M. Henry has been commissioned as postmistress of Decatur.

Jno. E. Williams keeps the paupers of Jefferson county at \$3 90 a month each.

The principal of the sixteenth section fund belonging to the county of Morgan is \$31,952 05.

During the last fiscal year the State paid for the re-arrest of absconding prisoners \$8,052 50.

To the 6th Selma had received 62,693 bales of cotton, against 49,698 to the same date last year.

Over \$100 were raised in Tuscaloosa for the Lee Monumental Association one day last week.

The hard labor convicts of Sumter county are hired to A. J. Arrington for \$6 16 per month.

The Murphy movement is raging in Gadsden. Four hundred persons have already joined it.

The Legislature has fixed the salaries of county commissioners at \$2 40 a day, and mileage at five cents a mile.

Morgan county, during the last scholastic year, received from the educational fund for school purposes \$3,251 06.

The State of Alabama paid from October 3d, 1877, to September 30, 1878, for fuel and lights used in the Capitol building, \$1,070 48.

A bill has been reported in the Legislature requiring lightning-rod agents to pay a State tax of \$100, and \$10 to each county peddled in.

Alabama paid for Sheriff's fees in criminal cases during the last fiscal year \$10,047 37, and for the removal of prisoners from one jail to another \$2,140 68.

The present indebtedness of the State as shown by outstanding new bonds is \$7,446,600 00. These bonds are classed A. B. and C., and the annual interest on them is \$165,082 00.

That beautiful and well arranged (?) book, commonly called the Code of Alabama, cost (for printing and binding) from October 13, 1877, to September 30, 1878, the sum of \$14,176 00.

The total valuation of railroad property in the State of Alabama upon which taxes are paid is \$10,297,033 35, and the entire length of railroad tracks (main and side) is a fraction over 1,088 miles.

The amount of interest paid on new bonds against the State of Alabama during the present calendar year is \$165,232 00, and the amount paid to Gov. Houston for expenses incurred in paying it \$247 73.

The amount paid by the State for feeding prisoners in county jails during the last fiscal year was \$58,810 92, and the amount paid for conveying prisoners from the several counties to the State penitentiary is \$12,768 52.

The total amount of money appropriated to the State for educational purposes (to the public schools) during the last scholastic year is \$267,081 56. The largest appropriation was to

Mobile county, \$14,417 31, and the smallest was to Geneva county, \$810 27.

In Morgan county the South & North Railroad Company pays taxes on property (main and side track and rolling stock) estimated at \$1,208,639 40, and the Memphis & Charleston Railroad Company pays taxes on property (side and main track and rolling stock) estimated at \$59,120 55.

The estimated receipts of money from all sources in Alabama for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1878, aggregate \$920,000 00. The estimated disbursements for the same time, including the salaries for State officers, clerks, judges, chancellors and all other necessary expenses in running the State government amounts to \$920,000 00.

Plenty tramps in Opelika.

Marengo county is out of debt.

Typhoid fever in Greensboro.

Troy had a \$7,000 fire on the 2d.

Hayneville has a dramatic club.

Miserable roads in Macon county.

Talladega will soon have a foundry.

Six prisoners are jailed at Wetumpka.

The tramps trouble Tuskaloosa terribly.

A supper at Clanton, Christmas, netted \$30.

There is not a vacant residence in Tuskegee.

J. A. C. Parker is deputy Postmaster at Opelika.

Talladega City Council gave a New Year's supper.

Five inches of snow fell at Fort Deposit the 4th.

Harpersville has plenty of measles to go around.

A new depot has just been completed in Wetumpka.

More houses are needed at Harpersville, Shelby county.

The railroad tax due Butler county, \$4,200, was paid recently.

During the cold spell ice formed in Huntsville 4 inches thick.

The furniture and cigar manufactories of Cullman are kept busy.

Sumpter county wants her officials to pay for their fuel and lights.

A new post office, called Key, has been established in Coosa county.

The taxes are being paid in Dallas county with unusual promptness.

Four hundred marriage licenses were issued in Perry county last year.

The Presbyterian Synod of Alabama will meet in Talladega this year.

A. B. Mangum, of Hayneville, recently killed 17 partridges out of a possible 18.

The Tallapoosa river was reported frozen over at Jermany's ferry last week.

The negroes around Eufaula are reported in better circumstances than heretofore.

The counties which pay the largest State tax rate as follow: Mobile, Montgomery, Dallas and Madison.

T. U. Greene has been confirmed as postmaster at Birmingham after a hard tug, as we suppose from his initials.

A large amount of ice has been saved in Huntsville during the recent cold spell, some of it being seven inches thick.

There is a large amount of wool raised in the mountains around Cullman, and it commands a ready market at 25 to 30 cents per pound.

A large number of citizens of Butler, Conecuh and Geneva counties have been arrested for alleged depredations upon Government timber.

Farm laborers are reported as being rather slow in making contracts in Russell: their preference being to rent and depend upon landlords for supplies.

Several Ohio capitalists have been prospecting about Birmingham with a view of establishing a rolling mill for the manufacture of cotton ties and bar iron.

There were \$687,506 26 deposited in the two banks of Selma the 1st.

Between January 1, 1878-9, 281 marriage licenses were in Hale county.

During 1878, 1314 mortgages and 107 deeds of realty were filed in Hale county.

There were 396 marriages in Madison county last year against 239 the year previous.

To the 27th ult. Selma had received 79,060 bales of cotton against 67,042 bales at the same date last year.

There were 138 marriage licenses issued to whites and 353 to colored couples in Montgomery county, during 1878.

Three hundred and twenty books have been donated to the Institute for training colored ministers at Tuscaloosa by friends in New York.

Eufaula wants a hog law.

Troy had a \$7000 fire Thursday night.

Prattville has a new military company.

Montgomery is afflicted with expert burglars.

Salmon are to be placed in the Chattahoochee river.

Wetumpka colored Baptist church has a new organ.

Sportsmen are having glorious times hunting ducks.

Col. French Strange is the new postmaster of Opelika.

There is not a vacant dwelling in the city of Montgomery.

Fifty-three signed the Murphy pledge at Warrior recently.

The county roads are impassable. The like never was known.

An Alabama paper thinks there are 20,000 pistol-packers in that State.

In Montgomery, last year, there were issued to whites 138 marriage licenses, and to negroes 553.

Sixteen marriage licenses were issued by the Probate Judge of Perry county one day recently.

There is not a colored individual living in the town of Cullman, and not a dozen in the county.

B. F. Booth keeps the paupers of Autauga county for \$3 95 per month each, and feeds and clothes them.

Barbour county owes \$203,000, with accrued interest, for bonds issued to the Vicksburg and Brunswick, R. R.

Snow to the depth of 11-8 inches fell in Union Springs, Saturday night last. All day Sunday, the city presented the appearance of a Northern town. Notwithstanding it was the Sabbath, snow-balling was indulged in by a large number. Monday, 12 M., the snow was still on the ground and house tops.

Warrior river is very low.

The Marengo cotton crop is short.

There were 120 cadets at the University last week.

There are fourteen Post Offices in Talladega county.

The fall term of Dallas Circuit Court began Monday.

Very few cases were tried at Tuscaloosa Circuit Court.

The State Grange Fair will be held in Mobile, December 3d.

A cow with twin calves was seen in Livingston last week.

The total bonded indebtedness of Jefferson county is \$49,-
326 58.

Troy has introduced steam cotton gins, and is delighted with the result.

The proceeds of a dramatic entertainment in Talladega amounted to \$33.

John M. Foimar has been appointed Sheriff of Pike county to fill vacancy.

Ingram, recently jailed in Talladega, was granted bail in the sum of \$700.

Gen. Morgan delivered an address before the Wilcox county Fair Association.

There were four applications for divorce at the Chancery Court in Blountsville.

Allen Tankersly, negro, was sent to the Insane Asylum from Livingston last week.

About \$1200 worth of property was destroyed by fire at Pine Level, Pike county, recently.

There have been five deaths from yellow fever in Stevenson, two colored and three white.

G. R. Turnham has been elected Mayor of Evergreen in place of Gen. E. W. Martin, deceased.

The ladies of Plantersville will give an oyster supper for the benefit of the Methodist church.

Mr. William Gray, the oldest man of Marengo county, died near Uniontown on the 3d, aged 93.

J. C. Thompson has been appointed Register in Chancery for Walker, vice Jonathan Sides, resigned.

The governor burned \$3,000,000 in cancelled State bonds on the 9th. New ones have been issued. Of course.

Leo. D. Bryant has received the appointment of cadet to the United States Military Academy in the First District.

Elder W. J. Couch has resigned the charge of the Baptist church at Scottsboro, and Elder C. B. Roach will take his place.

An application will be made to the next Legislature for a law forbidding the sale of liquor within five miles of Milltown church, Chambers county.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to burn one of the main building in Montgomery last week. The Governor offers \$200 reward for the apprehension of the incendiary.

Fruit drying has commenced.

Dwelling houses are in demand in Greensboro.

The survey of Mobile Bay will be begun this month.

There are near two hundred guests at Blount Springs.

Troy ships about 6,000 pounds of beeswax each year.

The first story of Cullman court house is completed.

The literary school at Dadeville is in a flourishing condition.

The Montgomery county grand jury found 99 bills of indictment.

Crops good, but needing rain; something called rust is among cotton.

Two horses were killed, near Montevallo, a few days since, by lightning.

The State Industrial Association will meet in Birmingham early in September.

Corn in some portion of the State has been materially injured by the drouth.

The Shelby Iron Company are now shipping a large amount of iron to Pennsylvania.

Thirty-five car loads of coal passed through Montgomery some days since for Pensacola.

The Town Council of Gainesville is making an effort to build a Town Hall and Calaboose.

Col. Cullman, of Cullman, has sold one thousand acres of land to W. E. Fulton, of Pittsburg.

The Radical ticket in Montgomery county for the Legislature is composed of five negroes.

Five hundred disciples of Murphy attended the picnic at Allsboro, Colbert county, recently.

Judge Morrow, of Birmingham, has recently organized several Murphy Lodges out in the country.

An infant was found in a brier thicket near Tuscumbia recently and returned to its inhuman mother.

Burglars recently entered the Bangor tannery and took out a large quantity of half-tanned leather.

It is said that the bored well at Livingston is frequently unable to supply the demand for its medical waters.

Johnny Browder, of Montgomery, 18 years old, was bound over to the City Court on a charge of seduction.

There are 67 prisoners in the Montgomery jail, a number of whom are charged with violation of the revenue law.

Prof. Comstock, representing the Government, is investigating the cotton worm in South Alabama, and is confident a remedy can be found for the pest.

COLBERTIANS

By R. L. James

SECTION III

OBITUARIES AND CEMETERY RECORDS

To the Readers of the Alabama Historical Quarterly:

I am releasing another section, No. 3, of my article "Colbertians." I hope it will be possible for me to add one more section but I am sure there will still be many interesting people whom I cannot include. In addition to those to whom I expressed thanks in the preface (See No. 2 Vol. 7) I wish to acknowledge my appreciation to Mr. James Carloss of Elkmont; Mrs. J. F. Craig, Jasper; Mrs. William Malone and Mrs. W. D. Brotherton, Cherokee; Mrs. Emma Scruggs and Miss Mattie Guy, Tuscumbia; and there are probably others who deserve to be mentioned in this connection whom I cannot at this moment recall. Mr. Woodruff Delony gave me quite a bit of information. I was at his house on August 6, 1946, which incidentally, was his eighty-sixth birthday, and had a long conversation with him. Since then this venerable citizen of Leighton, has passed away. He was a son of Dr. Edward B. Delony. I hope to write more about the Delony family in some future issue of the Quarterly.

Sept 4, 1946

R. L. JAMES

I. ISAAC E. YOUNG, OBITUARY

From North Alabamian & Times, March 16, 1871, edited at the time by Joseph Shackelford and F. D. Hodgkins.)

"Our Community was startled Saturday last about 5 o'clock P.M. by the sad intelligence that Isaac E. Young, apparently in the prime of life a few minutes before, was no more; having been suddenly attacked while in conversation with some friends by an apoplectic stroke, and within ten minutes thereafter his immortal spirit took its flight. Never has it been our duty to chronicle so startling an event, or one which threw so sudden a gloom over this community. We could scarcely realize that he, with whom we had a few minutes before, been in friendly converse, he who was one of our nearest and truest friends, lay before us a silent corpse. Language is inadequate to describe our feelings, and to attempt it would be a mockery.

"ISAAC E. YOUNG was one of the oldest, most enterprising and staunchest citizens of this community, having as early as

1841 settled in this place, and by dint of perseverance and skill in his business, accumulated quite a handsome estate. He was ever ready to extend the hand of charity to a worthy subject and liberally subscribed to every enterprise of a public nature that would be of benefit. To the churches he was liberal in his donations, to his friends he was kind and true, he was ever kind-hearted and liberal to the fullest extent in a proper cause, but abhorred meanness and hypocrisy in any shape, and if he had enemies it was from this peculiar characteristic, from his outspoken and frank nature. Isaac E. Young was in the true sense a public benefactor, and as such was appreciated by the good and true; he wished only for that which was rightfully his own, he desired nothing more, and lived in accordance with that sublime and proper rule 'do unto others as you would be done by.' In his death this community has lost one of its best citizens, his wife an affectionate husband, and his friends and the order to which he belonged have sustained a loss which is irreparable. Of his life as a Christian it is not our province to speak, but with Christian charity we throw a mantle over his foibles, and relying on the dispensation of a wise and merciful Creator, trust that he will be permitted to dwell with the sanctified and redeemed. He was buried Monday at 3 o'clock P.M. The services at his residence were conducted by Rev. B. N. Sawtelle, pastor of the Presbyterian church, in an able and touching manner We have never seen so large a concourse attend a funeral in this place, and as an evidence of the estimation in which he was held it is gratifying to us to state that quite a number of the citizens of Florence, together with a large number of the order of Odd Fellows of Florence, came over on a special train and took their place in the funeral procession, and assisted in the services at the grave. The procession moved in the following order: Tuscumbia Cornet Band, Order of Odd Fellows, Hearse, carriages, citizens on foot and on horses. From two until four o'clock P.M. all business houses were closed throughout the city.

"We learn that the Hon. Wm. B. Wood delivered a well-merited and pathetic eulogy on the deceased in the Lodge of Sorrow held by the I. O. O. F. in this place on the occasion, in which he stated he had long known the deceased, who years ago assisted in conferring the degree upon him (the speaker)

"George E. Young, brother of the deceased, organized in 1847, Franklin Lodge, No. 24, I. O. O. F."

Isaac E. Young came from Washington, D. C. and was a carriage maker. Miss Leftwich, in **Two Hundred Years at Muscle Shoals** tells of his making a carriage which won a prize at the county fair in Tuscumbia and was purchased by Mr. Guy of near Tuscumbia who paid \$1200 for it. In time of the war, a Federal officer took the carriage from Mr. Guy and had it sent to his home in the North.

Isaac E. Young's wife, Mrs. Priscilla Young, is said to have been a very devout lady. She was, according to her obituary, born in Raleigh, N. C. May 15, 1816 and died in Tuscumbia, April 11, 1883. She came to Tuscumbia from Virginia in 1835 and was married to Mr. Young on Sept. 29, 1842. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church over 45 years.

There was an Andrew V. Young "a native of Washington city" buried in Tuscumbia's Oakwood Cemetery who was born April 5, 1801 and died in Tuscumbia Feb. 19, 1853. His grave is marked with a gun and his dog. I suppose most likely he was Isaac E. Young's brother.

MRS. AMOS JARMAN

II. "IN MEMORIAM"

From North Alabamian & Times, July 3, 1873

"Departed this life at the residence of her son, near Helena, Arkansas, on the 13th of June, 1873, Mrs. Mary Jarman in the 84th year of her age. Mrs. Jarman was born in North Carolina on the 9th of November 1789. She was married to Amos Jarman in that State Oct. 3d 1811, and removed with her husband to Alabama in 1820. They first settled in the neighborhood of Tuscumbia, but removed to Lawrence County; about five miles north of Leighton, where they lived together for nearly forty years. In 1861 she lost her husband, with whom she had lived 50 years. She continued to reside at the old homestead until a few years ago, when she broke up housekeeping and went to live with her children. Mrs. Jarman joined the Baptist Church in North Carolina at an early age and remained a consistent member until her death. For nearly fifty years she was a member of the Mount Pleasant church, near where she lived up to a short

time before her death. She was in very good health for one of her age, a few months ago she had a very severe fall, which brought back an old disease of the heart which produced her death. She was laid by the side of her loved companion who had preceded her to the spirit land, in the family burial ground at Mt. Pleasant church. She leaves three sons and two daughters with many grandchildren to mourn her death. In all the relation of life Mrs. Jarman was a model woman. She was a true help meet to her husband in all his labors and trials, helping him by her counsel and prudent cares of things. As a mother she was affectionate and watchful of her children. As a neighbor none were kinder. As a Christian she was consistent and lived out in her daily life what she professed. One after another of the old settlers of this valley are thus dropping off. One by one of our friends are passing over to the other shore. May we who are left behind so live, that when we are called to follow we may have the faith which will enable us, as did our sister, to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death and fear no evil.

S''

The Jarman home, at that time in Lawrence county, is now in the Town Creek-Triangle. According to his gravestone record, Amos Jarman was born in North Carolina, Nov. 13, 1789 and died Dec. 14, 1861. He was therefore only nine days younger than his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Jarman reared a prominent family of children. The son at whose home Mrs. Jarman died in Arkansas, was an outstanding citizen of that state. There was a daughter, Louisa Ann Jarman, who died in 1848 in her sixteenth year, and who is buried in the family plot at the old Mount Pleasant cemetery. The wife of the late Judge Fox Delony of Colbert, was among the grandchildren of Amos and Mary Jarman.

There were also Jarman's who lived in the old Bethel community. I do not know whether they lived in what is now Colbert, Lawrence, or Franklin county. I also do not know whether they were kin to Amos Jarman or not. In the cemetery at Bethel may be seen the graves of H. Jarman (Oct. 10, 1796—Feb. 22, 1862) and another Jarman who I suppose was his wife, but the first name and the dates are not very clear. It appeared however that she was born June 19, 1798 and died January 14, 1865.

III. HUGH C. LECKEY

"DIED—at Leighton, Ala. on Monday, October 2, 1873, Mrs. H. C. Leckey.

"His sufferings were protracted and severe. As a business man he had sound judgment, quick perception, remarkable energy and perseverance. He was honest in his dealings with his fellow men, punctual in the payment of his debts, urbane in manner and kind to all. He lived not for himself, but cheerfully dispensed charities to others. Many not connected with him by the bond of relationship received from him great assistance. These acts of generosity will be gratefully remembered. He was a hospitable man; his doors were open to ministers and his friends whose happiness he lived to promote. He had completed a residence, tastefully designed and elegantly executed and furnished, but the hand of death has draped it in mourning. He was a devoted husband and an affectionate brother. May the Lord sustain and console the bereaved.

J. S. Davis

Mr. Leckey's obituary is from the *Alabamian & Times* for Oct. 1873.

Mr. Leckey and his brother, Alexander Leckey, were for a number of years very successful merchants of Leighton. Their store house, which burned in 1911, was at the crossing of the County Line Road and the present Joe Wheeler Highway. Near there was where Hugh Leckey built the residence to which Mr. Davis alluded and which is now occupied by two nieces of his. It was truly an artistic dwelling. Hugh C. Leckey was a native of Ireland. His wife was Ellen S. Galbraith, to whom he was married by the writer of his obituary on January 17, 1872. He had a number of brothers besides Alexander, including Thomas Leckey who married a Miss Lightfoot, and a brother who lived in Luka, Mississippi. He had a sister, Jane Leckey, who married first, Samuel J. Leggett and second, Z. Taylor Higdon. I have seen her picture as a young lady, and it shows her to have been quite beautiful and very richly dressed. It is her daughters who live in the H. C. Leckey home and a son of hers, G. W. Leggett was once Sheriff of Colbert County. A grandson of hers, Sam Leggett is the present mayor of Tuscumbia. (August 1946)

IV. S. O. EGGLESTON

"An old and respected citizen died at the residence of his son, W. F. Eggleston, at Bibb's lane, Limestone Co., on last Friday, August 7th inst., was buried at his old homestead near Leighton, Lawrence Co. on last Saturday. He was born in Va. and resided at Tuscumbia for several years. He was nearly 80 years old. For many years was a member of the Christian church, and it can be truly said he was a charitable and honest man. We have known him thirty years, and often enjoyed the hospitalities of himself and excellent wife, for there was no place in this country where the elegant and kind hospitalities of a pleasant home were more liberally dispensed. We cherish his memory."

Mr. Eggleston's obituary is from the editorial page of *The North Alabamian* for Aug. 13, 1874. L. B. Thornton was the editor at the time. Mr. Eggleston would probably be now classed as a member of the Church of Christ. The term "Christian Church" now applies to that denomination that claims to accept the theological views of Alexander Campbell but who use instrumental music in their worship and have the missionary society. Of course, I can not say with certainty what Mr. Eggleston's belief was on these points of doctrine.

His wife died in 1871 and the son, W. F. Eggleston, in the latter years of his life was an outstanding teacher of North Birmingham, Alabama. After he retired from teaching he ran a cigar stand in the Courthouse at Birmingham. W. F. Eggleston first married a Miss Bibb, a granddaughter of Gov. Thomas Bibb. His second wife was a Miss Godley of Tuscumbia. W. F. Eggleston died in December 1913.

In the *North Alabamian* for Dec. 2, 1881, is an obituary, by "A Friend," of John L. Eggleston who died at the residence of Wm. F. Eggleston in Limestone county. According to this obituary John L. Eggleston was born in Hanover County, Va. March 8, 1806 and died Nov. 18, 1881. He lived many years in Tuscumbia and vicinity and "was known throughout the valley." The writer of his obituary had known him 40 years. He was also a member of "The Christian Church" and was a very pious gentle-

man. I suppose that was a brother of S. O. Eggleston.

The wife of the distinguished John L. Townes was Polly Eggleston, a native of Virginia, and was probably nearly related to Samuel O. and John L. Eggleston.

V.

Throughout the world the name of Helen Keller is known. She was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama in 1880, and was the daughter of Hon. Arthur H. and Kate (Adams) Keller. I am very happy to present to the readers of the **Alabama Historical Quarterly** a reproduction of the original obituary of her paternal grandmother

Mrs. DAVID KELLER, and

here it is:

"DIED

In this city on Tuesday the 28 inst. Mrs. Mary F. Keller aged 79 years 8 months and 16 days.

"Mrs. Keller was born in Charles City County, Virginia, near 'Shirley,' on the 12th of January 1796. She was a great-granddaughter of Gov. Spottswood, first colonial Governor of Virginia, and on her mother's side was lineally descended from Lord Delaware. She was also second cousin to Gen. Robert E. Lee.

"With her husband, David Keller, she came to Tuscumbia in the year 1818, and with the exception of two years, which were spent in Russell's Valley, she has lived in Tuscumbia ever since. During this long period no one has been more highly esteemed or occupied a wider sphere in society. All who knew her, or who came in contact with her felt that she was no ordinary woman, and they ever entertained for her the highest respect and regard.

"She raised ten children—seven sons and three daughters—five sons and one daughter are now living and the position which they have taken in society and in the walks of life, speaks

eloquently of the influence and training of their now sainted mother.

"Forty-seven years ago Mrs. Keller united with the Presbyterian church, here, under the ministry of the Rev. Ashbridge. During these long years she was an humble, devoted and consistent member, and, at the time of her death was the oldest communicant in the church. Seldom does the death of a good and pious woman cause a greater void in the church and in the society where she dwells.

"Having been faithful in every relation of life, a confiding wife a fond mother, a constant friend, and a true and faithful christian, she was ready for her departure.

"The dying hour found her house set in order, waiting for the summons, and in her case was beautifully illustrated the truth of the scripture promise 'at evening time it shall be light.' Not long before death she said to those around her, 'surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life' and the light of God's countenance shone up on her to the latest moment of life. Without a struggle or a pang, as gently as the Summer cloud fades away, she fells asleep in Jesus, and her death as well as her life, was a sublime demonstration of the Power and blessedness of the Christian religion.

S"

Mrs. Keller's obituary is from the *North Alabamian* for Sept. 30, 1875. Her husband, David Keller, was a native of Maryland and his father, Caspar Keller, was born in Switzerland, David Keller was very prominently associated with the old Tuscumbia-Decatur Railroad. Perhaps Arthur Henley Keller was the best known in Colbert, of any of the children of Mr. and Mrs. David Keller. He was a lawyer and was appointed U. S. Marshal for the northern district of Alabama by Pres. Cleveland. He was perhaps best known as editor of "The North Alabamian" for a great many years, and to the present generation, as the father of Helen Keller.

Of the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Ashbridge, under whose ministry Mrs. Keller united with the Tuscumbia Presbyterian congregation Col. James E. Saunders said:

"For several years . . . Previous to 1830 a young minister of Tuscumbia, named Ashbridge, occasionally preached in Moulton. He was a man of fine intellect, of high culture, and of a rich imagination. He died early, and his death was very much lamented by people of all denominations. Had he lived to middle life he would have been an orator of the first class."

VI. MRS. W. C. WHEELER

"Obituary

"Mrs. Laura Frances Wheeler, wife of Dr. W. C. Wheeler, and daughter of B. J. and E. S. Smith was born Sept. 22, 1848. and married to her bereft husband Nov. 22, 1866. She professed religion and joined the M. E. Church, South in the autumn of 1867 and died in Cherokee, Ala. Oct. 24, 1876. It is very probable that our sister died without realizing that her sickness was to be fatal, and certainly much earlier than was expected by most of her friends. This being the case, she said nothing on the subject of dying, so far as the writer is advised. She was much beloved by her neighbors because of her uniform kindness to all, and when the tidings spread from house to house, 'Lou Wheeler is dead,' the whole village was in consternation and sorrow. The multitude that attended her funeral attests the esteem in which she was held by all. The writer has been her pastor four years, has lived near her seven, and can testify that in her association she was pleasant and happy. As a daughter, sister and wife she was true and affectionate; and as a mother, she tried to do her duty faithfully. How sad to think three little children are left to make their way through the world without ever knowing the power of a mother's love! How sad the heart, and how desolate the home of my friend and brother who has so often been with me and mine in sickness and distress. May the great Head of the Church soothe his heart with the consolation of his grace! From the life of the deceased we have good hope that with her, sorrow, tears, and trouble, are ended forever. As far as was ever known to me, she was uniform and consistent in her life, and resigned and patient in her afflictions. After such a life we confidently expect the bliss and joy of 'the life to come'

JNO. B. STEVENSON"

Mrs. Wheeler's obituary is from the *North Alabamian* for Dec. 1, 1876.

Her husband, Dr. W. C. Wheeler is said to have been a high class physician and a gentleman of distinguished bearing. He later married a Miss Giles of Tuscumbia; and about 1890 he removed from Cherokee to Huntsville. A sketch of him may be found in "*History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography*" by the late Dr. Thomas M. Owen.

The Smiths were among the early and prominent settlers of the Cherokee community.

Mrs. Wheeler's first name is misspelled in her obituary so says her cousin, Miss Mattie Guy of Tuscumbia. It was Louise or Louisa.

VII. ROBERT A. GOODLOE, SR.

"DIED

At the residence of Wells Rutland Esq. in this county on 8th inst. Hon. Robert A. Goodloe aged 68 years.

"We never knew any one more opposed to eulogy or flattery than was the subject of this notice, and for this reason if there were no other, we shall endeavor to pay a faithful tribute to the best friend we ever had, by writing of him in that spirit of candor and frankness that was so characteristic of him.

"From those now living who were schoolmates of his, we learn that from the earliest boyhood, he was kind and considerate, and earnest and devoted, in his friendship. For the last twenty years we bear testimony to these and other noble traits that rendered his the arts of duplicity or hypocrisy, a candid and blunt manner of speech sometimes offending those who did not thoroughly understand him.

"Mr. Goodloe joined the Methodist church at this place when but fourteen years of age, and for more than half a century remained true to his profession, and died, as he lived, an humble unpretentious trusting Christian.

"During the war when possessed with large means he devoted most of his time to the relief of the hundreds of poor people around him supplying them with food and medicine, and for several years afterwards when his property was swept away and until he was stricken with paralysis in 1875, he continued to do all in his power to relieve the suffering and destitute, and until his last illness was looked up to and consulted by all who knew him as an honest and conscientious counselor, and faithful friend in all kinds of trouble.

"He was many years a member of the commissioner's Court of Franklin and subsequently of Colbert county, bringing to the discharge of the duties of that office, clear and unbiased judgment, incorruptible integrity and a force and vigor of expression that made its impression, and at times conveyed the idea that he was arbitrary and exacting, but the results generally vindicated the tenacity, and stubbornness of his opinions. Although endowed with a strong and imperious will and violent prejudices, no one was readier to confess an error and atone for it. Only an intimate acquaintance such as it was our privilege to enjoy, could impress anyone with the true worth and value of such a man as a citizen or a friend. Whilst we will sadly miss his prudent counsel and his warm and generous sympathy, we yet rejoice that he is freed from every pain and care and has entered upon the full fruition of all the hopes that sustained him through an honorable and well spent life. Our country and the state of Alabama have lost one of their best men—than whom no one in our acquaintance has done more in a private sphere for the good of his fellow men. Peace to the ashes, and a thousand blessings upon the memory of Robert Atlas Goodloe."

The obituary of Mr. Goodloe has no name signed to it. It is taken from the *North Alabamian* for March 17, 1882.

He was a son of David Short Goodloe, an early settler of Tuscumbia, and who was born in Granville County, North Carolina, July 26, 1776, and died Oct. 15, 1845. David Short Goodloe's father was Capt. Robert Goodloe, a Revolutionary soldier, and a native of Carolina County, Virginia, and his mother was Sarah Short.

David Short Goodloe had a family of several sons and a daughter, Sarah Louise Goodloe, who married a man named Kennedy and who died in her nineteenth year. Among his other sons were Albert G. J. Calvin, and Paul. Of these Albert G. Goodloe, born April 13, 1812, died January 1, 1887 was said to have been a very devout man. J. Calvin Goodloe, born May 21, 1817, died Feb. 25, 1895 was State Senator from Colbert County (or the district of which Colbert was a part) in 1872-73. He was a strong Republican, but Robert Atlas Goodloe, Sr. was a Democrat.

Paul Goodloe was a citizen of Memphis.

The wife of Robert Atlas Goodloe, Sr. was Mary, a daughter of Col. Isaac Lane who was one of the richest men who settled in the Cherokee district. Col. Lane was from Wake County, North Carolina. There is a long obituary of Mrs. Goodloe in the *North Alabamian & Times* for Oct. 29, 1874. From it we are advised that she was "the last surviving child of Col. Isaac Lane. Reared in luxury and ease, she was plain, elegant and self possessed in her manners, prompt, energetic and methodical in her domestic arrangements. Her charity was only limited by her ability. She was unremitting in her ministrations to the sick, and unremitting in her benefactions to the poor and needy of the surrounding country."

Miss Julia Goodloe of Tuscumbia who is a granddaughter of Robert Atlas and Mary (Lane) Goodloe, has a very large and beautiful painting of two young daughters of her grandparents viz. Sarah Goodloe who married Watt Rutland and Mary Goodloe who married James Mhoon. Each girl was beautiful and the artist, a Mr. Frye, did a most excellent piece of work. Miss Goodloe advised me that the date on the back of the painting is 1858.

VIII. MRS. ALEXANDER MALONE

"IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Elizabeth Malone, wife of the late Alexander Malone, died at her home near Cherokee, Ala. Sept. 28, 1884, aged 80 years. She was born in Rockingham County, Va. July 27, 1804. At an early age she moved from her native State to Kentucky, where she lived several years, and from thence came to Tuscum-

bia, Ala. where she resided a number of years and where she was married to her late husband who died two years since. She then came to the vicinity of Cherokee where she lived up to the time of her death—more than forty-two years.

“While the useful and eventful life of this good noble Christian woman—this mother in Israel—had been spun out beyond her fourscore years, and it might have been expected that at any moment she would be called to reap her rich reward beyond the shining shore, yet, the sorrowful intelligence of her death will moisten many an eye and carry a pang of sorrow to many hearts, for being one of the good women of the earth, none knew her but to praise. A devoted and affectionate wife, a fond loving and indulgent mother and grandmother, a kind neighbor and hearted, true and faithful friend, she endeared to her in the strongest ties, by her beautiful conduct all who enjoyed her acquaintance or the hospitality of her home, where her presence is so severely missed, and where is left a void that none can fill. Her many ennobling characteristics of head and heart shone out resplendent in her daily walks of life, and her many virtues were a fit setting to that Christian character which was so lovely and surrounded by as, a bright halo to the end. She loved her home, she loved her friends and above all, she delighted in the services of that God on whose true and never failing arm she had implicitly leaned for more than sixty-seven years. The sweep of the death angel’s wing had no terror for her. Feeling that it was ‘not all of life to live, nor all of death to die’ she passed peacefully and calmly across the turbid, chill water, and gained the portals of eternal day—the haven of everlasting rest, where the loved ones gone before, and those left behind, emulating her bright example, will meet and strike hands on the banks of sweet deliverance.

W.S.N.”

The obituary of Mrs. Malone is from the **North Alabamian** for Oct. 10, 1884.

There is a notice of her death in the same publication for Oct. 3, 1874, written, I suppose, by A. H. Keller. This account says she died on the 27th of September. It says “She belonged

to a class of noble christian women who gave character and tone to society in the early days of civilization in the Tennessee Valley."

Mrs. Malone's maiden name was Elizabeth Edwards. She married Isaiah Thatcher and they were among the early residents of Tuscumbia. Mr. Thatcher is buried in Oakwood Cemetery at Tuscumbia as well as some of their children. From his gravestone we learn that he died Aug. 25, 1939 aged 53. There were several Thatcher children. One, who died young, had the very unusual name of "Return." Alexander Malone, the second husband of Elizabeth Edwards, was commonly known as "Sandy Malone." He had been previously married. He was one of the outstanding farmers of the Cherokee section and of considerable wealth. I am advised that Goodloe Warren Malone who also lived near Cherokee, and who was considered one of the wealthiest men in what is now Colbert, and Mitchell Malone a prominent citizen of Lauderdale county were brothers of Alexander or "Sandy" Malone.

Several children were also born to Alexander and Elizabeth (Edwards) Malone and from them have descended respected and well known citizens.

IX. MRS. BERNARD McKIERNAN

"A Remarkable Woman.

A remarkable woman, Mrs. Mary A. McKiernan, died on Friday last, at the residence of her son, Maj. C. B. McKiernan, not far from Florence, Tuscumbia, and Leighton in Colbert County, Ala. Mrs. McKiernan was born in Maryland, March 9, 1792, and her maiden name was Mary Anthony Waters, a sister of Dr. John Waters, an esteemed and wealthy citizen of Nashville many years ago. She came to this city in early life and lived in the family of Dr. Felix Robertson who married her sister, and was married at his residence in 1814 to Bernard McKiernan. Several years after their marriage they removed to Alabama when the country was inhabited by the Indians. Her husband opened a cotton plantation in what is now Colbert county and was a successful planter. He was afterwards a commission merchant in New Orleans, living there in the winter, and spending his summers on his plantation. After the death of her

husband she lived with her son, Maj. Charles B. McKiernan. She was the mother of eight children, one of whom was Judge McKiernan of Memphis, who died there many years ago. Two of her sons were buried in the clothes bought for their wedding garments, their deaths occurring before their marriages, two years apart, however. One of her daughters was a noted belle in her day and was married to Gen. Hugh Dunlap of Louisiana. Another daughter was married to W. M. Jackson, of Florence. Mrs. George W. Douigan of this city is a granddaughter of the deceased. All her relatives were highly respectable people.

"The memory of the deceased was wonderful. Ninety-three years of age, a physical wreck, yet with a mind as vigorous and clear, and her memory as retentive, both as to past and present events, as it was seventy years ago. Scarcely such another case is on record. Only one month before her death her evidence was taken to prove the death of an old citizen of her county who died sixty years ago. She gave the history of the family, the names of the children, to whom they were married, when the old man died and where buried, with as much minuteness as though it had occurred at a recent date. She signed her name plainly to the deposition, and the attorney said it was the most remarkable case he had ever witnessed.

"Her burial took place Sunday last, at 11 o'clock, in the presence of many relatives and friends and a number of her old servants all whom were devotedly attached to the good old woman. She passed away to the spirit land calmly, peacefully, quietly. She rests from her labors and her works will follow her. A very large circle of relatives and friends in Alabama, Tennessee and other States will mourn the departure of this aged Saint."

Mrs. McKiernan's obituary is from *Nashville-American* in the *North Alabamian* for Feb. 13, 1885.

The *North Alabamian* for June 24, 1881 records a visit of Mrs. McKiernan to Tuscumbia. The account said that she was suffering from a fall of recent date but that she was still cheerful. It also stated that she had always been fond of the society of young people and that she had been noted for hospitality.

There was a David C. Waters who died at the residence of Mrs. Sarah C. Hogan near Tuscumbia. Jan. 25, 1873. He was born in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, February 22, 1794. He moved to Nashville, Tenn., in 1812 and was a merchant there for several years. He then came to the vicinity of Tuscumbia. He is said to have been a very amiable gentleman and was polite to the nth degree, I am not advised whether he was related to Mrs. McKiernan or not, but I am inclined to believe he was.

X. GEORGE GEISE

OBITUARY

Bro. George Geise was born in Lancaster County, Pa. March 27th, 1810 and died September 14, 1892, at his home near Dickson, Ala. He moved from Pennsylvania to Tuscumbia, Ala. in 1839 and was married in this place in 1839 to Miss Martha Ann Steger. It was a congenial, happy union of hearts and hands. In 1859 he moved to Mississippi, and returned to Colbert County in 1868? After a protracted illness brought on by a stroke of paralysis, Uncle George submissively yielded his sanctified spirit unto the beneficent hands of his Lord and Master, surrounded by loved and loving ones, together with kind friends who appreciated his true moral worth, his uncompromising integrity. He was one of God's noblemen. His fond, trusted and cherished companion, Martha Ann, was a good woman, a true friend, an exceptionable Christian. She passed away in November, 1889 in the blessed hope of the Redeemed. Both husband and wife were devoted acceptable and honored members of the M. E. Church, South. They had born to them six children—five sons and one daughter—all now living except Henry who died at his parents home in February in 1890. Those who knew Uncle George best, loved him best. He was ever true to his trust as the needle to the Pole. His moral character was above suspicion as guileless as a child. His hospitality, benevolence and charity scarcely knew any bounds. His household was one of industry, harmony and peace. He was true to his God, family, friends and country. He was called from his happy earthly home to join the mother and loved ones, gone before to the saint's eternal rest in Heaven. May the irreparable loss prove to the dear children a present and eternal blessing.

"Farewell, Bro. George, for a short season.

F. A. Ross."

To obituary of Mr. Geise is in the *North Alabamian* for Sept. 30, 1892.

There is an article in the *North Alabamian* for Oct. 3, 1890, telling about Mr. Geise being in Tuscumbia "today". From this we learn that he was the oldest surviving engineer who ran a locomotive on the Tuscumbia and Decatur Railroad, except Capt. Jack Lawson of Paducah, Kentucky. Mr. Geise, according to this account, made the first trip in June, 1837, using pineknots for fuel. He was later transferred to the shops where he worked several years. He then went into business for himself and made a fortune. He was very active in October, 1890. Mr. Ross stated he came to Alabama in 1839 (if not the printer's mistake) but this account states he was on the Tuscumbia-Decatur Railroad in 1837.

Another well known citizen of Tuscumbia was Reuben Geise also from Pennsylvania. I have not been able to ascertain whether he and George Geise were brothers or not, but most likely they were. Reuben Geise was in the milling business at Tuscumbia for many years and once had Gov. Lewis associated with him, so stated a local historian. The mill was long known as "Geise's Mill." Later Mr. Hindman, another Pennsylvania, became owner of the mill, and it was "Hindman's Mill" for many years.

XI. J. M. HUSTON

"DIED

In this city, on the 23rd ult. of heart disease, Dr. J. M. Huston of Dickson, Ala.

"The deceased was born at Harrisonburg, Va. February 3rd, 1826, graduated at the Philadelphia Medical College and came to Buzzard Roost, Ala. in 1851 to practice his profession. In 1857, he married Miss Annie Barton, daughter of Armistead and Amanda Barton, and to them were born seven children, all of whom are alive except one son. Dr. Huston practiced his profession at Dickson until a few months before his death. His malady commencing to show alarming symptoms and medical attention being difficult to procure at his old home, he was moved to

Tuscumbia the home of his son-in-law, Dr. C. R. Palmer, where he might receive the benefit of his attention. He gradually grew worse until the morning of the 23rd when he breathed his last, without pain or struggle. He was a member of the M. E. Church and died with a firmly founded hope of eternal life. He was buried at the Barton burying ground just as the sun was setting Friday the 24th attended by a large concourse of grief stricken relatives and friends.

His place will be hard to fill at his old home, as he had a warm place in the hearts of all. He was a FRIEND as well as medical advisor to the whole country for miles around. These ties were moulded all the closer by his many acts of charity and kindness. He was prepared to go when his Master said, 'Come up higher' and gladly laid his hand in the hand of Christ and quietly went to inhabit the mansions in the skies.

A FRIEND"

Dr. Huston's obituary is from the *North Alabamian* for March 3, 1893.

There were also HOUSTONS in the early settlement of Colbert and some of their descendants are still to be found in the county. I do not have any information as to their ancestry of family connection. But from looking through old newspaper files I find two interesting references to men whose name was spelled HOUSTON.

It was said that James Houston killed a 200 pound deer within two miles of Tuscumbia in December 1872. Then the *North Alabamian* for June 30, 1882, records the death of Dr. N. J. Houston at San Antonio, Texas. The paper states that Dr. Houston was a citizen of Tuscumbia for more than forty years.

XII. MRS. WM. B. ALEXANDER

"IN MEMORIAM

Mary E. Alexander was born unto A. and Mary Jane Avery April 21st, 1834, and died at her home in Cherokee, Colbert County, Alabama, on May 24th, 1894, aged 61 years, 1 month and 3 days (60 years, is correct, instead of 61). Having returned from a short visit to see her daughter, Mrs. Erwin in Texas, she was taken seriously ill in two days after her arrival and passed away within eleven hours.

"Sister Alexander was married to Bro. W. B. Alexander, December 20, 1853. As a result of this union eight children were born, five of whom survive to cheer and comfort the father in his afflictions. Sister Alexander joined the Methodist church at Driskell's Chapel in Lauderdale County, Alabama, and remained an unassuming, consistent member until her death. She was very modest and reserved yet, she was classed with the most faithful in her church. Possessed of superior industry and economy, she was a literal success financially. The heavenly blessings were richly upon her labors. Indeed she managed her affairs with much discretion. She had the confidence and esteem and friends and patrons. Her aim in life seemed to have been to make home the center of attraction for her children, and in this, success crowned her efforts. She was ever ready to respond to the calls of true charity and to support the institutions of her church. The writer of this never visited her home, if at all convenient, but that he was called upon to read the Scriptures and lead in prayer with the family. Those who knew her best loved her most. She is gone, yes, gone but not forgotten. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: they shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them.'"

A. J. Maddox"

Cherokee, Ala. Aug. 26,)'94

(Will the **Florence Times** please copy?)"

Mrs. Alexander's obituary is from the **North Alabamian** for Aug. 31, 1894.

Mrs. Alexander was a sister of Capt. Wm. Avery whom I have mentioned in connection with the O. H. Perry Williams

family. She had other brothers and sisters, one being Mrs. Fannie E. Bell (1826-1901) wife of James Porter Bell (1818-1872) of Cherokee.

The husband, Wm. B. Alexander, was born Dec. 3, 1827 and died Sept. 19, 1906. He is said to have been of sterling character. Mr. Alexander, according to the account in the *Tuscumbia Dispatch* for Sept. 22, 1906, left the following children: Mrs. (Dr.) C. W. Williams of Cherokee, at whose home he died; one son, Dr. J. F. Alexander of Blockton, Ala; and three other daughters, Mrs. Robert G. Malone of Arkansas; Mrs. W. G. Erwin of Texas; and Mrs. G. D. Hall of Iuka, Mississippi.

Many interesting records are to be found in the old cemeteries of Colbert (the same is doubtless true of every other Alabama county). I have not visited all the old ones of Colbert, but I do have records from quite a number of public and family burial grounds. The largest, of course, is Tuscumbia's Oakwood Cemetery unless we include Sheffield's Oakwood Cemetery, but the latter cemetery contains very few old graves. From an interesting history of Tuscumbia, published in the *Tuscumbia Democrat* in 1881 and 1882 by "H" we are advised that the first person buried in Tuscumbia's Oakwood Cemetery was a young man, whose name was Warren and who died near Tuscumbia in the summer of 1817 or 1818. Mr. "H" says that he was buried at night due to the warm weather hastening decomposition of the body. Of course there was no such thing there and then as embalming a human body. Also there was not enough lumber in the new village to make a coffin, so two young men were sent to Fuque's sawmill several miles away to get lumber to make it, and all of this required time.

According to Leftwich's *Two Hundred Years at Muscle Shoals*, the oldest marked grave in this cemetery is that of Mrs. Catherine Kenan Hooks, wife of Curtis Hooks, who was born according to the marker, Sept. 11, 1779 and died Oct. 24, 1821. Curtis Hooks, her husband, was born Nov. 30, 1788 and died May 28, 1848. He was therefore much younger than Mrs. Hooks. According to local history he was a "ranger."

The second oldest marked grave in this cemetery of which I have record is that of Nancy E. White who was born Dec. 16,

1781 and died March 2, 1882-just a little more than four months after Mrs. Hooks died. And a third marked grave for the year 1822 is that of a little girl who died when nearly four years of age at an age when a child is the object of such parental devotion as to call to mind Eugene Field's immortal poem, **Little Boy Blue**. This grave has a coffin-shaped tablet with the following inscription:

Beneath this Stone

lieth the remains

of

MARGARET FOWLER MITCHELL

born 14 January 1819

died 6 December 1822

One large monument has eight inscriptions on it. They are: Susan McClung Jan. 20, 1812-Sept. 10, 1832; John A. McClung died Sept. 13, 1832; Calphurnia C. Keenon, Dec. 23, 1807-May 31, 1833; James Y. McClung Sept. 3, 1831-Sept. 1, 1833; Y. A. Gray, April 13, 1786- Feb. 12, 1834; Martha W. Gray, June 11, 1829-Sept. 1834; Robert H. Gray Sept. 9, 1833-July 3, 1835 and Elizabeth F. Gray, July 30, 1823-Aug. 1844.

There is an old slab near this monument which has Y. A. Gray's name and birth and death dates. On the slab his name is given as "Dr. Young A. Gray." Saunders in writing of the early history of Courtland, Alabama mentions "Dr. Young A. Gray" as one of the doctors in that town.

Near one of the entrances to the cemetery can be seen the markers to the graves of the Frederick D. Hodgkins family whose lives were wiped out by the great storm of Nov. 22, 1874. On Mr. Hodgkins' gravestone is the following inscription:

FREDERICK D. HODGKINS

Born in

Oxfordshire, England

Nov. 26, 1842- Father, Mother,

Four children killed by the

storm which visited Tuscumbia

Nov. 22, 1874

Mrs. Hodgkins was a daughter of James and F. Carter and was born in Bedford County, Tennessee Feb. 12, 1846. F. D. Hodgkin was a jeweler by trade and was also an editor. St. Johns Episcopal Church at Tuscumbia has an interesting stained window dedicated to the memory of the Frederick D. Hodgkins family.

Following are two reproduced inscriptions from this cemetery:

In Memory of
ROBERT B. MALONE
BORN
January 11th, 1795
DIED
May 21st, 1830

Reader remember as you now are,
So once was he,
As he now is,
So you must shortly be.

I am advised that he was the father of John Lewis Malone (1827-1908) who married a daughter of Armistead Barton and was wealthy. Robert B. Malone's wife was Eliza Minerva Brown.

JAMES DESHLER
A Brig. Gen. Confederate Army
BORN
at Tuscumbia Feb. 18, 1833
FELL AT THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA
Sept. 20, 1863
Aged 30 years 7 months 2 Days

Gen. Deshler's father, Major David Deshler, was one of the most prominent citizens Tuscumbia ever had. He was born in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, Sept. 10, 1798 and died at Tus-

cumbia Dec. 6, 1871. The writer of his obituary said that he had resided at Tuscumbia more than forty years. Among the things he wrote about Major Deshler was this:

"Maj. David Deshler was no ordinary man; of strong natural abilities, a close penetrating mind, cool clear judgement, and of good education, there was scarcely any subject within the range of human thought or speculation he had not investigated. No one within the writer's knowledge had a more comprehensive store of general information on so great a variety of subjects. He is identified with the early history of the State, and was the Pioneer in the South of that great system of railways which now add so much to the wealth and prosperity of the entire country. Under his supervision and mainly through his instrumentality the first railroad in Alabama was constructed from Tuscumbia to Decatur.

"Charity with him was a principal, to the needy he was never known to turn a deaf ear, or to refuse his sympathy and aid to the suffering humanity."

All through life Maj. Deshler was a man of action. Shortly before he died he made a trip to Philadelphia. He had no relatives in Colbert county when he died, at least on close relatives. Mrs. Deshler had died in 1854 and later his oldest son died suddenly while a pupil at West Point Academy, and last his son, James, was killed at Chickamauge. Maj. Deshler gave the grounds and building of the old Deshler Female Institute to Tuscumbia as a memorial to his son. Gen. James Deshler. The Deshler High School at Tuscumbia helps to perpetuate his memory.

Among other gravestone inscriptions in Tuscumbia's Oakwood Cemetery of persons who died before 1875 are the following:

Isabella Elliot, wife of James Elliott, born in Edinburgh, April 13, 1809, died Dec. 8, 1825; Eliza H. wife of Peter Walker, born in Bedford Co. Va. died June 20, 1834; John Sutherland, Sr., born in Pittsylvania Co. Va. July 19, 1752 died Sept. 7, 1836; Peter Walker, born in Amherst Vo. Va. died July 24, 1844 aged 51 years, 2 months and 18 days; Catherine, daughter of Peter and Peter and Eliza Walker and wife of Thomas Mattingly, born in Amherst Co. Va. March 29, 1823, died in Lawrence Co. Ala.

Oct. 1849; Hugh Stephens, born in Donegal, Ireland died 1856 aged 85 years; James Conner, born in Halifax Co. Va. Mar. 9, 1795 died April 7, 1857; "Mary Ann-consort of Lewis Wood dec'd-Born in the City of Richmond, Va.-died in Tuscumbia, Ala. Sept. 8, 1857 aged 53 years"; William C., son of Abner B. and Julia A. Blocker, born Oct. 4, 1845 a member of Co. C. 11 Regt. Ala. Cavalry was killed in action at Pulaski, Tenn. Sept. 27, 1861; Elizabeth G. Kidd Ottaway, born in Fluvania Co. Va. Dec. 5, 1806 died in Tuscumbia, Ala. Mar. 28, 1862 "Love, kindness and Christianity marked her daily walk"; J. E. Johnson, "a Confederate soldier and military prisoner at Rock Island" born March 4, 1839 died March 4, 1864; Major Dick Johnson, C. S. A., born Oct. 18, 1831 "wounded on the battlefield" died July 9, 1864; Elizabeth, wife of Alexander Ross, born in Spotsylvania Co. Va; Sept. 15, 1788 died April 26, 1867; B. Gledall, born in London March 18, 1794 died Au. 13, 1868.

Sometimes dates are wrong on tombstones. John Fletcher Pride, the grand old man, who lived to be almost one hundred years old is buried in Oakwood. He was born near Raleigh, N. C. Aug. 26, 1791 and died near Pride Station, Colbert, June 15, 1891. But the incscription on the Pride monument in Oakwood says he died June 15, 1892.

Then there is the case of James Young who lived on Spring Creek near old Hunter. The monument to Mr. Young's Grave says he died February 29, 1815! Of course February in 1815 had only 28 days.

The cemetery at old LaGrange contains some very interesting incscriptions. I have already spoken of the very elegant and expensive monument to Abraham Ricks. There are several other monuments that contain far more data than the Ricks monument. For example the elegant monument at the grave of Mrs. Eliza Jane Harrington is very rich in sentimental inscription. She was the daughter of James F. and Susan E. Reilly and the wife of Wm. H. Harrington. She was born March 10, 1817 and died June 21, 1855. Some of the other interesting markers are those to Patience A. W. wife of Thos. E. Tartt, who died Jan. 1, 1837 aged 44 years, 2 months and 15 days; Prof. James M. Hardy born in Lincoln Co. Ga Jane 19, 1815 and died Aug. 5, 1853; Mrs. Susan Adelaide Williams, wife of Prof. Wm. G. Williams and daughter of Capt. R. R. and Mrs. J. S. Miller "late

of Richmond, Va." born in Manchester, Va. Dec. 12, 1818 died Feb. 2, 1859, and Laura L., wife of John Moore "who departed to be with the angels" on Sept. 2, 1875.

Among some of the most distinguished people buried at LaGrange are Prof. Hardy, the third President of LaGrange College and a Methodist minister of note; Amanda, the second wife of Bishop Paine; Ann Eliza, the first wife of Dr. Edward Wadsworth and only daughter of J. B. and Elizabeth Felton, the latter who was a sister of Gov. Swain of North Carolina; the Ricks family; Munroe Fort; Dr. George E. Kumpe and wife; Dr. Sidney Smith Prince (1804-1831); Tignal Jones; Martha Burchet Jones; H. K. Felton; Daniel Spangler; Henry Warren; H. P. Looney; Silas M. Fowler; Mrs. J. S. Hawkins; and Mrs. Virginia Hobgood.

Following are some inscriptions reproduced from old LaGrange cemetery:

SACRED

to the memory of

PHILIP PENLETON BARBOUR

The lovely and interesting son of

THOS. S. & S. B. BARBOUR

who departed this life

April 6, 1837

Aged 3 years 7 months

and 15 days

Death's gloomy portals he has crossed
and safely reached the Peaceful shore
no more upon the ocean tossed
The haven's gained the crown secure
For tis of such that Jesus said,
"Suffer them to come to me"
And though to his fond parents dead
Saviour, he lives with thee.

The little Barbour boy's father was a professor in LaGrange College and was a son of Hon. Philip S. Barbour, M. C.

of Virginia. Dr. Barbour left LaGrange and became a professor in the St. Louis medical college.

In Memory
of
Amanda Malvina Paine
consort of Robert Paine
Her life exemplified the loveliness
of woman her death the triumph
of the Christian
Born July 29, 1813
Died Sept. 18, 1838

Prof. McGregor in his **History of LaGrange College** says that she was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister by name of Shaw who lived at Columbia, Tennessee and that she was Bishop Paine's second wife. I do not know who his first wife was. His third wife was Mary Eliza Millwater, a daughter of Mrs. Millwater nee Weeden, of Baltimore who became the second wife of Turner Saunders, one of the founders of LaGrange College. Bishop Paine was a very scholarly gentleman and of much executive ability. LaGrange flourished under his administration. He finally located in Aberdeen, Mississippi and died in 1889? His stepfather-in-law, Mr. Saunders, who was also a distinguished Methodist preacher, spent his last years at Aberdeen.

Memento mori
SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM D. DALE
BORN IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, ALA.
DEC. 5, 1828
DIED Feb 28, 1846
Aged 17 YEARS 2 MONTHS
And 28 DAYS
Early bright and chaste as morning dew
He sparkled, was exalted and went to heaven
N. E. C. S. G. A.

1859

ALICE

Aged 21½ years

Daughter of

JOHN C. and MARY C.

STEPHENSON

"Little Alice was our darling
Pride of all the hearts at home
But the angels up in Heaven
Gently whispered; Alice come"

The father of Little Alice Stephenson, Prof. John Calvin Stephenson was reared at, or near Mount Hope, Lawrence County, Alabama. He graduated at LaGrange College and became a professor in that institution. As I have already said, he married a daughter of Dr. John S. Napier of LaGrange. The Napiers and Prof. Stephenson finally went to Waco, Texas. It seems that Prof. Stephenson always had a great love for old LaGrange and vicinity. He is said to have possessed an unusually fine memory and no doubt was a man of superior intelligence. He made many contributions to **The Leighton News** published many years ago by the McCormacks at Leighton.

A few miles east of LaGrange in the Town Creek-Triange, in a small cemetery containing the graves of Alridge Myatt and wife, Col. Richard Prewit, J. R. Bates, Sallie P. Bates, and others. I do not have any data on J. R. Bates, but his tombstone shows that he was a mason and that he was born Jan. 10, 1816 and died Feb. 24, 1867. Col. Richard Prewit was widely known as a man of excellent business judgement and of great energy. Woodruff Delony tells me he had very little literary education, but was a man of very fine intelligence. Col. Saunders in **Early Settlers of Alabama** writes of the Prewits in the early days of Lawrence County. Col. Saunders says the following of Richard Prewit:

"Richard lives near Leighton, and carries with him all the bold characteristics I have mentioned as belonging to his race. When I first knew him he lived on a plantation five miles Northeast of Moulton, well stocked with slaves and mules, and it had the highest fence I ever saw. Moreover, there was a splendid

pack of hounds showing that he wisely understood the art of mingling labor and amusement. But he was seized with the ambition of being the largest planter in the county, and I think he became so, for he had some 1500 acres in cotton, when, unluckily, the war broke out, and he was crippled in his estate; but he still has enough, and I judge he is a happier man than he was before. He first married a daughter of Senator Fleming Hodges. The name of his second wife I am not advised of.

The above excerpt from *Early Settlers of Alabama* was written about 1880 or 1881. Col. Prewit according to his gravestone died on November 23, 1882. He had been a resident of the Town Creek Triangle for a number of years. The date of his birth is given as being Sept. 19, 1809.

Col. Saunders states that the first Prewits he knew of came from Clinch River in east Tennessee to Madison County, Alabama. The head of the family lived to be 112 years old and his wife attained 116 years of age!

In the same cemetery in which Col. Richard Prewit is buried are buried descendants of his, and on the gravestones their names are spelled "Pruet".

It appears that the younger generation do not spell it as did the older ones.

And here are the reproductions of the records for Mr. and Mrs. Aldridge Myatt:

In Memory
of
Aldridge Myatt
Born
Feb. 24, 1780
in Wake Ct'y, N. Carolina
Died
Oct. 8th, 1850
He lived
more than 30 years
an exemplary
member
of the M. E. Church

and died in the triumph
of Faith
Let me die the death of
the righteous, and
let my last end
be like his.

Sacred
To
the memory
of
Mrs. Ann Myatt
wife of
Aldridge Myatt
who was
born Jan. 7th, 1788
in Wake Ct'y, N. C., was
member of the
M. E. Church
lived
a devoted
Christian and
departed this life
the 19th July 1840
in the 53 year
of her age
In full
confidence
of a glorious
immortality

Mrs. Myatt was one of the noted four Curtis sisters, the others being Mrs. Hartwell King, Sr., Mrs. John Rand and Mrs. Drury Vinson. All four sisters and their families came to what is now Colbert in 1826. Dr. John S. Napier's first wife was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aldridge Myatt. Therefore little Alice Stephenson, who is buried at old LaGrange was their grandchild.

The following is from the Hampton cemetery northeast of Leighton in the Town Creek-Triangle.

In memory of
Cynthia Hampton
Daughter of
Andrew & Sarah Mitchell
Born in Ioredell County, N. C.
June 24th, 1795
married M. B. Hampton
the 28th of February 1822
Departed this life at
Murfreesboro, Tenn.
the 21st of May 1853
She lived and Died a Christian and was
beloved by all who knew her
M. B. H.

Mrs. Hampton's husband, Monoah Bostic Hampton, was born, so states his tombstone, in Stoke County, N. C. June 25, 1799 and died Feb. 16, 1858. He was therefore four years younger than Mrs. Hampton. The reader will notice that their birthdays were in consecutive order. Mr. Hampton was a large planter and his children had fine opportunities for an education. In the family cemetery is the grave of Cynthia Amanda Hampton who died at school in Athens, Ala. on Sept. 28, 1843 in her seventeenth year. M. B. Hampton, Jr. attended LaGrange College but did not graduate. He lived at the old homestead and was said to have been a scientific farmer. I believe there was one son who was prominent physician of Madison County, and there were several daughters one who married Dr. Wm. Parbury or Parberry. Dr. Parbury was a native of Kentucky but was reared in Cole and Pettus Counties, Missouri. He was a successful physician but the last years of his life were devoted mainly to sheep raising in Montana.

In the cemeteries at old Brick and Mt. Pleasant are to be found the names of Carlock, Harrison, Alexander, Carter, Letsinger, Hughes, Craig, Karg, Davison, Gillean, Morrow, Hooks, Hall, Wingo, and others but I wish to call special attention to the three other cemeteries and then I shall bring Section III to a close.

Some three or four miles southwest of Tuscumbia is a small cemetery where M. C. Byrd, Mrs. Byrd, and a number of their descendants are buried. This cemetery is near the home of Cicero Byrd who is a grandson of Michael C. Byrd. James Byrd, son of Michael C. and father of Cicero, reared his family there, and others of the Byrd family lived nearby. Ten children were born to Michael C. Byrd and wife. Mrs. Byrd before her marriage was E. J. Donley, a member of the well known Donley family of whom I spoke in connection with the Hector Atkisson family. M. C. Byrd was one of the first Superintendents of Education that Colbert had, perhaps he was the first. In 1874 he was a candidate for Sheriff of the county but he took sick and died on the 9th of September, so says his gravestone record. Mrs. Michael C. Byrd, who was born Nov. 16, 1832, lived until August 26, 1909.

But the most interesting record in this cemetery is not to be found on the Byrd markers, but on that of a young man whose name was Patrick H. Sheffield. And here is the reproduction:

In memory
of
Patrick H. Sheffield
Born Sept. 12th, 1813. Died
Decr. 6th, 1834 for want of
Skill in a pretended physician
Then basely slandered
By the quack imposter
after thus depriving him
of life

This is indeed a rare type of gravestone inscription. I should like very much to know what malady young Mr. Sheffield had and who the "quack imposter" was.

There is perhaps a very interesting bit of history connected with the Sheffields and this farm where the Byrds have lived so long. It appears that Patrick H. Sheffield's father owned it and was living there at the time of the young man's death.

This is perhaps the same farm formerly owned by a Samuel H. Doxey. In *The North Alabamian* for April 12, 1878, is a reproduction of an advertisement that appeared in that paper in 1836 by "Old Joe Sheffield" offering a farm for sale. He described the scenery and the advantages of the place in picturesque style and he said the farm was four miles from Tucumbia, on Bear Creek and was formerly owned by Samuel H. Doxey.

(Continued in next issue of the Quarterly).

DAPHNE METHODIST CHURCH OLDEST ON EASTERN SHORE

By Ed Ritter, Mobile Press Register

Daphne's dignified Colonial style Methodist Church is the oldest church on the Eastern Shore — but it is more. It is the keystone to an understanding of the social history of generations of people who have lived around it.

Standing staunchly behind two ancient oak trees on a bluff overlooking Mobile Bay, the sturdy white hard-



pine church typifies the beauty through simplicity which characterized the taste of pioneers who worshipped in it in pre-Civil War days.

The peculiarly clear, silvery tone of its bell on Sunday mornings recalls to early settlers the Nineteenth Century custom by which the bell tolled for the dead. In their minds lingers nostalgically the sad picture of 'Old Russell Dick,' colored sexton, mournfully tolling the bell for the newly departed member of the community.

Lined With Silver.

The bell tone's unique clear quality is said to be the result of a contribution of silver dollars that were melted and used for the bell's lining almost a century ago when the church was built.

Other features of the church's construction reveal interesting mores of the region and the times. There is, for instance, the slave gallery with the side entrance leading up to it. The hand-

sawed hard pine floor boards are of various widths, but they were skillfully laid and—by modern standards—constitute a superior floor.

It is known that the present church building was standing in the early 1850's; some say it was built earlier. A Protestant congregation known as the Eastern Shore Mission had existed in the locality since the 1820's. It is thought that the Rev. Lorenzo Dow, first Protestant itinerary minister to preach in Baldwin County, founded it.

According to Baldwin Historical Society records, Methodist Dow—traveling on horseback—handled 17 charges. The Eastern Shore Mission was doubtlessly one of them. Services were held in laymen's houses. The only Baldwin church older than the Daphne church is a Baptist church in Tensaw that dates back to the evangelistic work of Rev. Dow.

Housed Community Church

The historic Daphne church building housed a Community Church congregation until 1870, when the Methodist influence in the locality came to predominate. Since then it has borne two names—each marking a phase of Methodist Church history. From 1870 to 1939 it was known as the Daphne Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1939, when the Methodists reunited and forgot their pre-Civil War differences about slavery, the church was given its present name, "The Daphne Methodist Church."

Mid-nineteenth century contractor for the building of the Daphne Methodist Church was L. E. Edmondson, grandfather of Mrs. W. C. Mason, of Battles. Except for the square bell tower, the building is now essentially as Edmondson left it. The 1916 hurricane destroyed the tall spire that originally crowned the building.

Mrs. Mason recalls that, as a little girl, one of her favorite stories was the exciting tale told by her Grandmother Edmondson about the biggest "congregation" ever to occupy the church—a regiment of Union soldiers. Mrs. Edmondson, then a widow, was a leading church member and was keeper of the church keys.

In March, 1865 Union troops were heading for Fort Blakely to join and reinforce Admiral Farragut in the last operation of the war—one that was not completed until after General Lee's surrender at Appomattox. A regiment reached Daphne late in the evening. Several of the blue-clad soldiers rapped at Mrs. Edmondson's door and demanded, "Are there any Rebs in here?"

Soldiers Slept In Church

"There certainly is!" Mrs. Edmondson replied curtly. "I'm a Reb from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet!"

Taken aback, the soldiers asked courteously if they and their men could sleep in the church. Mrs. Edmondson granted them the privilege on condition that nothing in the church be disturbed.

Next morning the same soldiers returned the church keys and truthfully assured Mrs. Edmondson that everything in the church was being left exactly as it had been found.

"And you can never say you haven't had a big congregation in your church," the soldier remarked on leaving. "Every pew and aisle was packed with sleeping soldiers."

Graveyard Picturesque

Mrs. Mason's associations with the church continued through childhood and adult life. She was christened and married in it. Last Summer she heard her son, Vance, preach his first sermon in it.

Behind the church is a picturesque, corroded iron fence enclosing an ancient graveyard. Some markers are small, weathered wooden crosses; most are modest headstones bearing dates of the last century.

Present membership of the Daphne Methodist Church is 120, and the pastor is the Rev. Cullen Wilson.

Tribute to Mrs. L. J. N. Comings

By Mary Heath Lee

Of the Tuesday Study Club, Fairhope.

In the passing of Mrs. Lydia J. Newcomb Comings on Sept. 21 the club world lost a woman whose place will never be filled, since she was a pioneer and the condition and circumstance of her early activity in the South will never return. But her influence, perhaps unnoticed and unrecorded, will yet continue for years to come.

Mrs. Comings was a woman of finest character, active mind and organizing ability—a none-too-common combination of qualities—that made her a force wherever she might happen to be. Fortunately Fairhope and Baldwin County felt the impact of her interest and energies, for she spent herself for them many years. She gave sympathetic cooperation with the School of Organic Education, was instrumental in putting the public library on its infantile feet was a strong believer in the Single Tax and served in various capacities in its successful demonstration at Fairhope, took a leading part in literary and musical circles, and finally was an organizer and promoter of clubs both local and throughout the County.

Mrs. Comings and her husband, whom she married at the age of fifty-two, came to Fairhope when the town (or Colony) was very young—about 1903 I believe—and each had a deep concern for its success and healthy growth. She who had been a well-known and well-loved teacher in northern schools as Miss Newcomb and later a widely-travelled lecturer and demonstrator of the new Delsarte system of Physical culture in its broadest aspects, at once turned her attention to women's plans and efforts for their physical and intellectual betterment at Fairhope. A Village Improvement Society, an Arts and Crafts group that spent happy hours with handwork, a School Improvement organization to further the interests of the embryonic public school—all these called for her participation and yet left room for the Henry George Club to study the foundations on which the Colony was based.

The Fifth Thursday Club must have been organized soon after her coming since it was said to be affiliated with the State

Federation in 1904. Later and in 1913, because other clubs in the town failed to fulfill the requirements for federation, they were made associates under the Fifth Thursday. These were the Village Improvement, The Henry George, the Arts and Crafts and the Mother's Round Table of the Organic School. Mrs. Comings. presided over this combined group for years and thus formed a link between it and State and National organizations. She seldom failed to be present at County and District meetings where she could be relied on for calm and wise opinions.

It might be mentioned here that the Fifth Thursday Club and its coordinating members gradually broke apart and disintegrated as clubs will sometime do after many years. But Mrs. Comings was unwilling to lose connection with the State Federation and eager to keep alive the literary tradition, so in 1929 she and others organized the Tuesday Study Club, and in time she became its Honorary Life President.

Before this time, however, feeling the need and desirability of a closer cooperation among the women of the clubs she called a meeting of County Chairman at Fairhope in the spring of 1925 and there the County Council of Federated Clubs of Baldwin County was formed. In 1927 the County Scholarship, known as the Mary Strudwick Revolving Fund of \$250.00 was planned to be applied to the support of a girl wishing to specialize in Domestic Economy at Auburn.

In 1937 the Baldwin County Federation of Women's Clubs and the Baldwin County Council of Home Economics Clubs wishing to grant, as they said, "some fitting tribute to Mrs. Comings who took an active part in organizing and fostering the club movement in the early days of the County, instituted another scholarship to be known as the Lydia J. Newcomb Comings Scholarship to be given to one wishing to study at the Daphne State Teachers College. This was a sum of \$125.00 and was applied for only once and now lies idle waiting for some one eager to teach, and as in the State in general, finds few applicants.

Mrs. Comings was a prime mover in the Baldwin County Historical Society and helped to keep it alive and active for a number of years. In this connection, she and Mrs. M. M. Albers

travelled up and down the county visiting historic spots or discovering those long lost in obscurity, searching records and at last composing and compiling these records and observations in the small book entitled History of Baldwin County.

Although for several years Mrs. Comings' deafness prevented her from attending public meetings yet she was always glad to hear reports from those who did attend. And to the last as she neared her 97th birthday, which she reached a few weeks before her death, her mind retained its clarity and interest.

Mrs. Lydia J. Newcomb Comings was a wonderful woman and we do honor to ourselves in honoring her!

CENTURY OF PRESBYTERIANISM IN SOUTH PICKENS

(Contributed by Wallace Parham, Mobile, Ala.,
from old records.)

In the summer of 1836 the Rev. Thomas Morrow, a licentiate of old Tombeckbee Presbytery which comprised what is now East Mississippi Presbytery in the Synod of Miss. and adjoining portions of Ala.) came to Pickens County, Ala. and commenced preaching in a small school house near Mayerhoof's Store, afterwards Franconia.

Scotch-Irish Presbyterians from South Carolina (most of them neighbors and relatives from Kershaw, Union and Chester Districts) having settled in Pickens County met with Mr. Morrow on May 20, 1837 to organize a church. There were 32 charter members (30 whites and two slaves) and at least 20 (two of them ruling elders) came from old Beaver Creek Church near Camden, S. C. Their names were:

1. John Turnipseed
2. Elizabeth Turnipseed
3. Mary Ann Turnipseed
4. Martha Turnipseed
5. Abraham Turnipseed
6. Nancy Turnipseed
7. Archibald Hood
8. Mary A. Hood
9. John Summerville
10. Sara Summerville
12. Wm. H. Summerville
13. Margaret A. Summerville
14. John Hughes, Sr.
15. Sarah Hughes, Sr.
16. Samuel W. Hood
17. Eliza J. Hood
18. William Owens
19. Elizabeth N. Owens
20. Robert Cunningham
21. Mary Cunningham
22. Jane N. Summerville
23. Martha D. Summerville

24. Andrew H. Summerville
25. Michael Williams
26. Eliza J. Williams
27. William Kelsey
28. James Duncan
29. Margaret S. Duncan
30. Rebecca Going
31. Queen Anne) Slaves
32. Hannah)

Public worship was generally conducted under a brush arbor until they could erect a suitable building. A beautiful site was selected near Mayerhoof's Store, a house of worship erected, a cemetery enclosed, and because the place was surrounded with beautiful oak trees it was called Oak Grove Presbyterian Church. This building—one of the finest of this denomination of the county—had a high pulpit, a broad middle aisle with benches on either side; those on the left being occupied by the men, while those on the right were reserved for the women and children. There were no heaters and on cold days heated bricks and foot warmers had to be brought from home.

Soon after its organization Mr. Morrow and the church were transferred to Tuscaloosa Presbytery, Synod of Alabama.

A bench of five elders was elected, all of them having held this office in the churches from whence they came. Their names were: John Hughes, John Summerville, Archibald Hood, John and Abraham Turnipseed.

Every preaching service brought additional members by letter and by examination. In 1838 John Knox was elected an elder and became the first clerk of the session which office he held until Dec. 1861. Wm. Kesley and James McGowan were the next elders elected. In 1842 the first Deacons were chosen. They were: Eli T. Going, Samuel W. Hood, James Duncan and Robert Cunningham.

Mrs. Morrow remained with the congregation as Stated Supply until 1844. During this time there were about 100 members added to the church roll on examination.

In those days ruling elders really ruled, and not even a

member of that august body was exempt from discipline. Offences which seem trivial to us were considered grievous, and the offender was visited and told of his sin. If he did not render a satisfactory excuse, he had to appear before the session for a trial. Absence from church for several preaching services brought many members before the session for trial. There were witnesses for and against the offender and often these affairs stirred up hard feelings and dissension among the members. Such was the case in Old Oak Grove. An accusation was brought against an elder; his trial made a breach inevitable, and in 1844 Mr. Morrow withdrew from the church together with part of the members. Tuscaloosa Presbytery gave him permission to establish a church six miles from Oak Grove. Failing to comply with the Presbytery's ruling, he and his sympathizers joined the New School order of Presbyterians and erected what was known as "Hopewell New School Presbyterian Church," only a quarter of a mile from the old church. When the New School reunited with the Mother Church, Hopewell was dissolved and some of the members came back to Oak Grove.

Rev. Theodore Sayre served the Church as Stated Supply for a year after Mr. Morrow's withdrawal.

Then came Rev. James Somerville, son of ruling elder John Somerville. He was stated Supply from Dec. 1845 to March 1847 and pastor from that date to March 1849. The records show the church vacant from then until Rev. Fields Bradshaw came in March 1851. He served as pastor until he was called to join the Church Triumphant, June 12, 1859. During his pastorate, Wm. H. Somerville, B. J. Hughes, S. C. Harkins and Wm. H. Summer-ville, Jr. were elected elders.

The church was again vacant until March 1860. During this period a new and larger building was being erected, necessitated by the increased membership. This building had a box pulpit and a balcony (for the colored members) across the back over the vestibule with wings, hung from the ceiling, extending halfway the sides and curving back to the wall. The walls were smooth white plaster and the woodwork white. There were three tiers of seats, a double section in the middle and a single section on either side. Two doors from the vestibule opened onto the aisles leading up to the front. A section of three seats on either

side and facing the sides of the pulpit were known as the "Amen corners." The exterior was practically plain clapboards painted white and the shutters to the high windows were green. Large double doors opened into the vestibule, and narrow winding stairs on either side led to the balcony.

Rev. A. M. Watson who had been stated Supply since March 1860, was installed pastor Jan. 19, 1861, with Rev. C. A. Stillman of Tuscaloosa preaching, and on Jan. 20th the new church building was dedicated, with Rev. D. D. Sanderson of Eutaw preaching from Ezra 6:16—"And the children of Israel, the priests and the Levites, and the rest of the children of the captivity kept the dedication of this house of God with joy."

Mr. James Knox because of failing health resigned as clerk of the session Dec. 1861 and Ben. J. Hughes was elected to that office.

Mr. Watson was pastor until spring of 1867. Rev. W. B. Bingham whose wife was a daughter of one of the first elders—Abraham Turnipseed—filled the pulpit during the summer and fall of that year.

In Jan. 1868 Rev. James Somerville was again called as Stated Supply until 1880 and pastor from April 1880 until failing health made him resign April 1883. John K. Spence, Dr. H. D. Boutwell, Wm. B. Somerville, Dr. H. C. Moorehead and John W. Somerville were elected elders during this pastorate. Mr. Hughes resigned as clerk of the session and J. K. Spence took his place, July 1874.

In Report to Presbytery April 1861, first mention was made of Sunday School although there had evidently been such an organization for a number of years. In 1862 Session records determination to hold Sunday School every Sunday. (It had only been held on the preaching days.)

In 1873 mention is made in records of stoves being purchased.

From April 1883 to August 1884 the pulpit was filled from

time to time by Mr. Luther Link, a licentiate, for 3½ months and elder John resigned as clerk of the session and Wm. B. Somerville was chosen. Mr. Spence was connected with the church until he was taken under the care of East Ala. Presbytery in 1886.

Rev. R. W. Milner was pastor from Oct. 1884, to Nov. 1886. One outstanding achievement of his pastorate was the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of which his wife was the first president.

The church was vacant for over a year, then Rev. Robert Morgan was pastor from March 1888 to Jan. 1890. A house and lot were purchased in Franconia to be used as a manse.

Rev. Francis McMurray was pastor from April 1890 to 1893. He gave two Sundays to Oak Grove, one Sunday to Carrollton and one to Pleasant Ridge. The Sunday School took on new life, and Children's Day in June was an occasion long to be remembered. The three churches met together, taking turns in entertaining the other two and all three Sundays Schools had parts on the elaborate program. Miss Charlie McMurray, daughter of the pastor, reorganized the juvenile Missionary band which Miss Nellie Milner had begun and the "Earnest Workers" (the name chosen) were a working organization long after the church moved to Aliceville. Messrs J. J. Gardner and Jas. H. Somerville were added to the Session on July 1890.

Rev. Robert Latimer served the same group of churches as Stated Supply from Jan 1894 to October of that same year. Rev. John D. Dean, a native Scotchman, was pastor of the group from March 1895 to March 1905 when he was called to higher service. This was a period of development in every phase of church work. The church was remodeled, the balcony wings being torn out and the back part closed up. The walls were papered, the box pulpit torn down and a platform was erected for the choir in the back of the church. Heretofore the choir had been seated in the middle tier of seats, three seats from the front—a bench having been taken out to make room for the organ when it was purchased. The Woman's Society was greatly encouraged by Mr. Dean, and when a call came to organize the women of Tuscaloosa Presbytery into a Union, this society

was honored by having the first president chosen from its members—Mrs. Jas. H. Somerville. H. H. Gardner, S. W. Hood, John A. Somerville, Sr., Edward and Thomas Salmond, J. Murphy Summerville and Dr. Burwell Carpenter were elected elders during this pastorate.

In 1903, Aliceville was settled and some of Oak Grove's members moved their homes into town. Due to Mr. Dean's farsightedness lots were secured and plans formulated to erect a church to meet the needs of the growing town. The task of building it was left for Rev. A. E. Grover who was pastor from Nov. 1905 to 1909. Presbytery changed the group and Mr. Grover and the next two pastors served Bethesda instead of Carrollton. Preaching services were held in Oak Grove Church, but on Sundays when there were no preaching services, Sunday School was held in a warehouse downtown. Late in 1908 the building was completed enough to be occupied and all church activities were moved to Aliceville and the name changed to Aliceville Presbyterian Church. The pastor and his family continued to live in Franconia until Rev. T. R. Best came in Nov. 1909. A lot was purchased at the rear of the church and the present manse erected. Mr. Best's health failed and he resigned in Dec. 1911.

Rev. J. G. Snedecor, Secretary of Assembly's Home Missions, Department of colored work, filled the pulpit at intervals in 1912.

Rev. L. R. Simpson was pastor from Nov. 1912 to 1916. During his pastorate a small pipe organ, the rolling partitions between Sunday School room and auditorium and a piano for the Sunday School room were purchased, adding greatly to the church. The Primary department of Sunday School, which was organized and directed by Mrs. H. H. Chalmers (Adelaide Dean), was housed in the Sunday School room. The church assumed one-half the support of Miss Annie R. V. Wilson, a missionary to China. Mr. J. N. Morrow was elected elder.

Rev. S. B. M. Ghieslin served the church as Stated Supply for several months in 1912. He later went as a Missionary to Cuba.

Rev. J. C. McQueen was pastor from Sept. 1, 1918 to Oct. 1922. Mr. McQueen served only Aliceville, and Pleasant Ridge, giving three Sundays to Aliceville.

The manse was remodeled. The church increased in numbers and contributions during this pastorate. The Woman's organization which had adopted the Auxiliary plan in April 1918, with Mr. McQueen's wise counsel was able to meet the Auxiliary requirements and took its place in the foremost rank of Tuscaloosa Presbyterial Auxiliary, a place which the Auxiliary still holds.

Rev. Paul Moore supplied the pulpit for several months, in 1923, coming down from Tuscaloosa where he was a member of the faculty of Stillman.

Rev. S. T. Hill was pastor from Oct. 1923 to April, 1930, giving Aliceville three Sundays a month. The church was active in every department, the Young People doing especially good work. Again the church and the woman's organization were honored when Mrs. W. W. Duncan was made president of the Tuscaloosa Presbyterial Auxiliary. At the request of the Executive Board of Foreign Missions the church took over part of the support of Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell, Missionaries to Brazil, relinquishing their interest in Miss Wilson.

Finding Sunday School quarters cramped, a room was added to the south end of the old Sunday School room, for the use of the Beginners Department.

Dr. W. W. Duncan and C. R. Horton were made elders in 1924, Dr. C. M. Murphy in 1925, H. S. Summerville and Wm. H. Somerville in 1927 and John A. Somerville, Jr. and Edwin Moody in 1929. Mr. Wm. B. Somerville, clerk of the Session, died July 9, 1927 and J. A. Somerville, Sr., was clerk pro-tem until his death May 20, 1928, when Wm. H. Somerville, the present clerk, was elected.

In Dec. 1930 Rev. John S. McFall, Jr., came as pastor. He was greatly beloved by the entire community and his accidental death Sept. 11, 1931 brought to an untimely close what gave promise of being a successful pastorate.

Rev. Robert F. Sloop, the present pastor, came to us June 1, 1932 just after his graduation from Union Seminary.

The Sunday School is divided into organized departments, with organized adult classes. John A. Somerville, Jr., is Superintendent. The Young People are doing fine work, being one of the banner leagues of the Presbytery. The Woman's Auxiliary with Mrs. W. W. Duncan as President cooperates with every activity of the church. The men of the church cooperate with Presbytery's organization for Men.

In 1933 the old church building at Oak Grove was bought by the churches of the town and torn down, the timber being used to erect a community church at the Mill Village, southwest of town.

In August 1934 the church building was set on fire by lightning and what seemed a diaster really proved a blessing. The building repaired, with a study for the Pastor and class room added behind the pulpit and redecorated, has been not only more attractive but more comfortable. Last fall a Hammond Electric Organ was purchased which adds greatly to our ministry of song.

The present elders are:

Jas. Henry Somerville.....1890	Hugh S. Summerville.....1927
John N. Morrow.....1913	Wm. H. Somerville.....1927
Dr. W. W. Duncan.....1924	John A. Somerville, Jr....1929
Chas. R. Horton.....1924	Edwin Mody.....1929
Dr. C. M. Murphy.....1925	

The Board of Deacons:

Dr. E. A. Snody	J. M. Summerville, Jr.
A. H. Harkins	S. W. Harkins
B. H. Somerville	C. S. Sterling
R. J. Kirksey (Chairman)	E. L. Owens
J. A. Buntin	H. H. Summerville
J. S. Shaw	Frank H. Summerville
W. C. Martin	Claude Earl Martin

The church ranks fifth in gifts on Presbytery's records and the pastors and elders have been honored frequently with Presbytery's greatest gift, that of representing her as commissioners to the General Assembly.

Rev. Thomas Morrow.....	Stated Supply.....	May 20, 1837-1844
Rev. Theodore Sayre.....	Stated Supply.....	1844-Dec. 1845
Rev. James Somerville.....	Stated Supply.....	Jan. 1846-March, 1847
	Pastor	March 1847-March 1849
Rev. Fields Bradshaw.....	Pastor	March 1851-June 12, '59
Rev. A. M. Watson.....	Pastor	March 1860-1867
Rev. W. B. Bingham.....	Stated Supply.....	Summer & Fall 1867
Rev. Jas. Somerville.....	Stated Supply.....	Jan. 1868-April 1880
	Pastor	April 1880-April 1883
Mr. John K. Spence.....	Candidate for Ministry	
Mr. Luther Link, Licentiate.....	Supplied Pulpit.....	April 1883-Aug. 1884
	(31½ months)	
Rev. R. W. Milner	Pastor	Oct. 1884-Nov. 1886
Rev. Robert Morgan.....	Pastor	March 1888-Jan. 1890
Rev. Francis McMurray.....	Pastor	April 1890-1893
Rev. Robert Latimer.....	Stated Supply.....	Jan. 1894-Oct. 1894
Rev. John Duff Dean.....	Pastor	March 1895-March 1905
Rev. A. E. Grover.....	Pastor	Nov. 1905-March 1909
Rev. T. Reynolds Best.....	Pastor	Nov. 1909-Dec. 1911
Rev. L. R. Simpson.....	Pastor	Nov. 1912-1916
Rev. S. M. Ghiselin.....	Pastor	1918
Rev. J. C. McQueen.....	Pastor	Sept. 1918-Oct. 1922
Rev. Solon T. Hill.....	Pastor	Oct. 1923-April 1930
Rev. John Swilling McFall, Jr....	Pastor	Dec. 1930-Sept. 1, 1931
Rev. Robert F. Sloop.....	Pastor	June 1, 1932 to date.

The church has had a great past and look forwards to the future hoping with God's help to achieve great things for Him.

Ministers who have been members of this congregation:—

Rev. John K. Spence

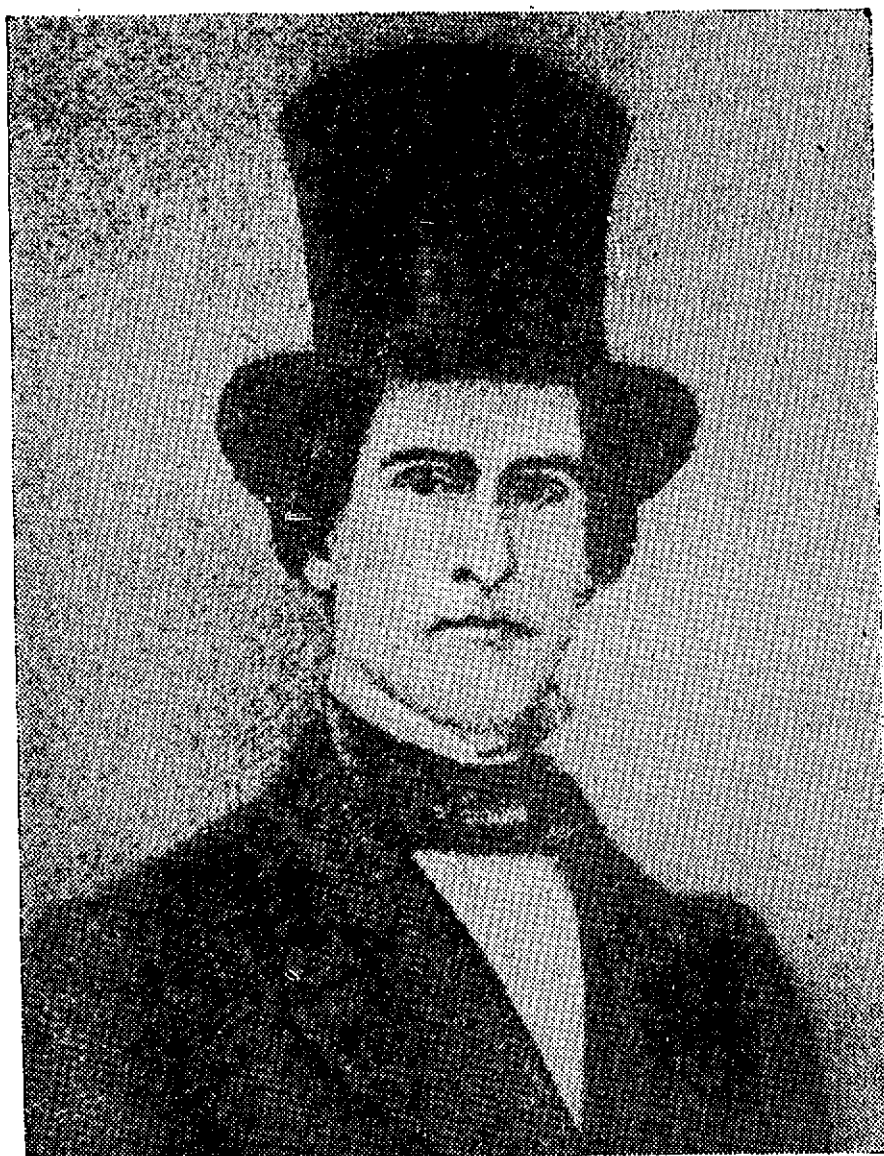
and

Rev. John Christie McQueen, Jr.

THEODORE O'HARA

Immortal Poet of One Song

By Annie Mae Hollingsworth

**THEODORE O'HARA**

wars and made fame for himself with the sword, yet with his pen he wrote a heroic elegy, "The Bivouac of the Dead," and by this one poem is remembered today.

So the wielder of both pen and sword has proven for all time that the pen is mightier than the sword.

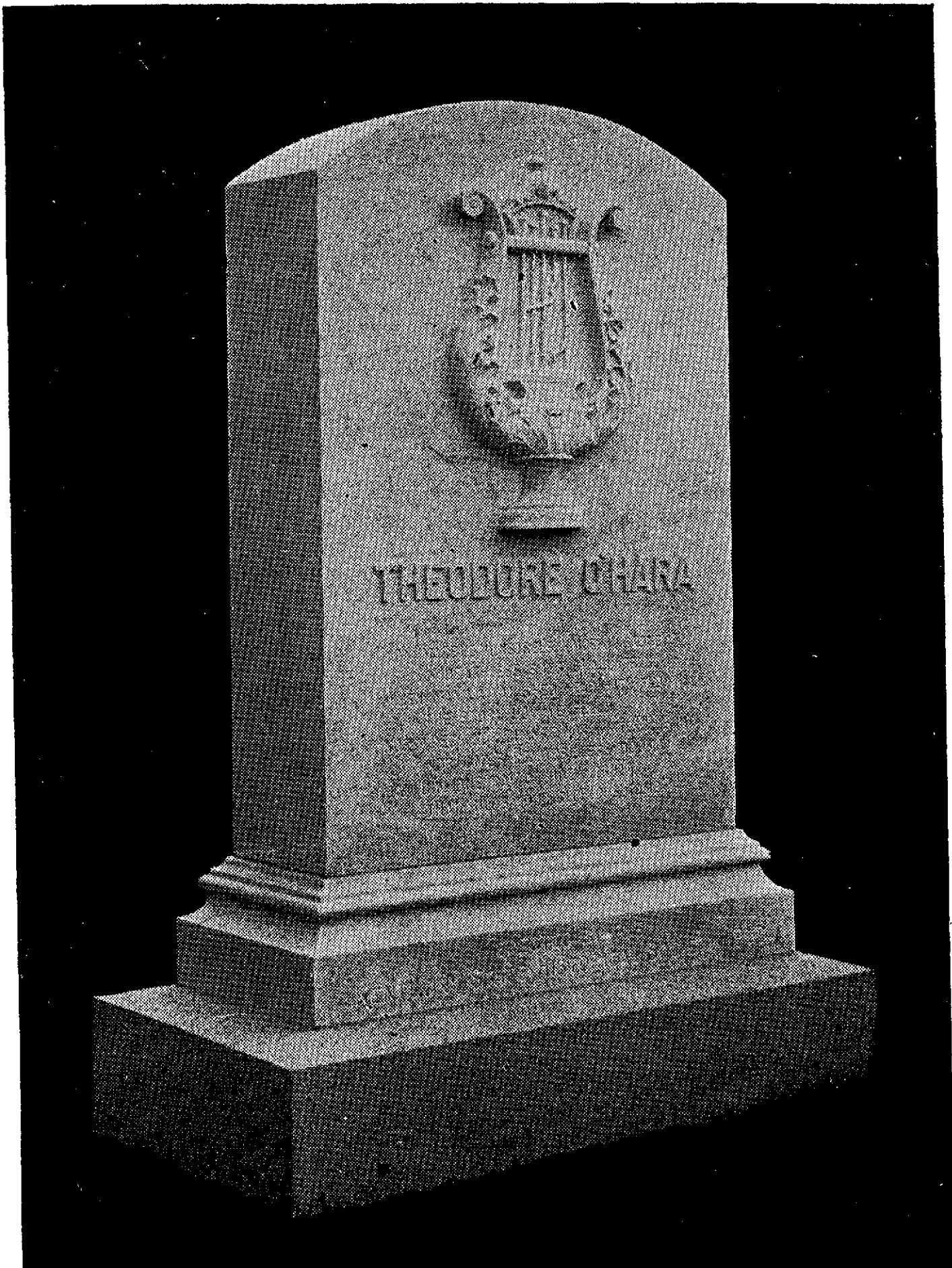
In Federal cemeteries all over our land where the brave dust of our fallen soldiers lie, his martial stanzas are found engraved in stone, or tableted in bronze, for no poem has so caught the romance and glory of war nor is so aptly fitted to be wars memorial.

In the research work done by federal workers some years ago, during the New Deal, some very interesting bits of literary history, were unearthed and brought to light.

That relating to the last days of Theodore O'Hara, patriot, poet and soldier of fortune, who died June the 6th, 1867, at the plantation home of his sister, Mrs. John J. Grant, at Guerryton, Barbour county, Alabama, gave climax to a most adventurous and patriotic life. O'Hara fought gallantly in three

"The muffled drums' sad roll has beat,
The soldier's last tattoo,
No more on life's parade they meet,
These brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
For glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Aside from O'Hara's gift for poetry he also had a flair for adventure, and during his short span of forty-eight years he fought on the battle fields of far away Mexico, fought in a turbulent revolution in Cuba, and also gave distinguished service to his adopted southland in the War Between the States, for every



unrestful wind that blew, stirred adventure in the breast of young O'Hara, and literacy critics have classed this poem with the best that ever fell from the pen of Poe or Lanier.

It has power to grip the imagination, for where can be found more touching or highly descriptive lines, lines which

have gripped the hearts of thousands of high school boys who have stammered through its heroic measures in declamation, while old men have memorized it, sitting in the twilight of life reviewing their heroic past.

The pity is, that a man so imbued with poetry, as was O'Hara, so capacitated to flower with words his emotions, should have left only this one poem as his memorial. This, and one other poem that does not compare in feeling, altho written in the same form and metre, "The Old Pioneer," were all he wrote. But who can account for the things left undone, or the songs left unwritten?

"If singing breath and echoing chord,
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melody were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven."

Theodore O'Hara's background was conducive of romance and adventure, for had not his father, Kane O'Hara, with his brother, fled his own beloved Ireland, during the revolution of 1798? Kane O'Hara, a highly educated Irish gentleman, was invited by Governor Isaac Shelby of Ky. to come to Danville, and take charge of an Academy there. And it was here that his son, Theodore, was born. And so he was first cradled in patriotism and suckled of romance of his father's own emerald Isle, which he had loved and lost.

Afterwards, his father moved to Jefferson county, Ky., where he taught school at Middletown. Among his pupils, who later rose to distinction, was Zackary Taylor, who was to become president, and George Grogan, hero of Sandusky. When Zackary Taylor was going to Washington, in Feb. 1840, he stopped by Frankfort to see his old instructor, who was his inspiration and gave wings to his young ambitions. Their meeting was most touching.

Young Theodore, having the splendid tutelage of his father was prepared for college, and graduated from Bardstown, St. Joseph's College, with first honors. Backed by his scholarship he was given the chair of Greek, in his Alma Mater. But fired with a further ambition he resigned to study law under Judge Wm. Owsley, who later became Governor of Kentucky.

John C. Breckinridge, one year O'Hara's junior, was his fellow student. A close and intimate friendship was kept up between the two, after Breckinridge became Vice-president of the U. S. and O'Hara had adventured through many wars.

O'Hara found the first plodding years of a young lawyer's life too slow for his active, vital personality, so he turned to the field of journalism. He was assistant editor of the Frankfort *Yoeman*, the leading Democratic paper of his state. He was also connected at different times with the *Louisville Sun* and *The Louisville Times*. He was acting editor of the *Mobile Register* when its editor the Hon. John Forsyth, went as ambassador to Mexico, in 1855-58. When connected with *Louisville Times* in 1852-55, the staff of the paper was composed of men who were Colonels in military service as well as colonels of journalism. John C. Noble, J. T. Pickett, T. T. Hawkins, W. W. Stapp, and John C. Bullock. These men also fought valiantly with the pen, as well as the sword and were dubbed "the fighting Colonels."

Their paper had a short but brilliant life and died with its party, when the Anti-Nothing Party lost their cause.

Going back over O'Hara career when he was wounded before the battle City of Mexico, but recovered to take part in the battle of Chatapultepec. He was then serving on the staff of Gen. Franklin Pierce, later President Pierce.

After the war with Mexico, he returned to his home in Frankfort, Kentucky, to recuperate. During these days, his mind went back to the war-torn battle field and his fallen comrades, and so was born his famous poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead." It was first read, when the body of his comrade, Col. McKee Clay, who was killed at the battle of Buena Vista, was brought back to his native state and interred with military honors.

The original manuscript was given to a friend and was first published in the *Louisville Courier Journal*, 1860. It was probably written in 1849 or 50. Little did O'Hara know that his poetic expression of a crucial life experience would write his name high on the wall of fame for all time.

After his honorable discharge from the army, he again associated himself with The Yoeman, and was thus engaged, when his ever ready sympathies were enlisted to join an expedition for the liberation of Cuba.

In 1855 Congress authorized two new cavalry regiments, and his old friend, Franklin Pierce, gave him an important post.

His regiment was made up of distinguished members, who later in the War Between the States made high places on the military escutcheon.

Albert Sydney Johnson was Colonel, Robert E. Lee, Lieut. Col. W. J. Hardee, and George H. Thomas were majors. It was a remarkable coincident, through all the forty seven years of his life in his scattered military activities he was always thrown with men of much distinction.

From all accounts of his magnetic personality, his wide culture, his ready repartee, his great friendliness, he must have gotten much from all the many associates he had.

At the beginning of the War Between the States, he was living in Mobile, Alabama and was in command of the Fort there, until he was ordered to retire.

Gen. Albert Sydney Johnson invited him to join his staff, which he did. He served with Johnson through the battles of Shiloh when his loved leader was killed and he accompanied his remains to New Orleans. He was then made a member of the staff of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, who valued his friendship, as well as military efficiency. He remained with him during the hard winter of 1862-63. And at Tullahoma, Tenn. during this period Mrs. Breckinridge, made and gave a flag to the 20th Tennessee, and Theodore O'Hara made the speech of presentation. He had the gift of oratory, and this occasion impelled his patriotic fervor and he was most eloquent.

After the war, he with his sisters, decided to move to Columbus, Georgia, where after teaching a private school for a time he went into the cotton commission business. When his ware-

house burned he moved with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. John J. Grant to their plantation home near Guerrryton.

While residing in Columbus he was much sought after socially, as he had the charm of manner and pleasing personality which made him a welcome guest.

After his health was broken, he repaired to his sister's plantation near Guerrryton, and spent the last remaining days of his life there. His rare personality was impressed on all those whom he met. He took long rides about the country side, on a horse, which Col. H. B. Weedon, of Eufaula owned and rode during the War Between the States. Col. Weedon was also comrade in arms of O'Hara and they often met and talked of the past.

A tale of his fine marksmanship is also told—that he stood on the back porch with his rifle, and shot some recalcitrant goats which had been annoying the family.

After a lingering illness of tuberculosis, he died at Guerrryton on June 7th, 1867, after having the holy sacrament of the Catholic church. His body was taken to Columbus, Ga. and interred in Linwood Cemetery.

The Daily Sun of Columbus, of June 9th, 1867 carried an eulogistic account of his death and burial. He was forty-eight years old and had never married.

On April 23rd, 1873, the legislature of Kentucky passed an act providing funds for the removal of O'Hara's body and its interment in the military lot at Frankfort, and providing suitable markers for his grave. All this was done with military honors and he sleeps at the base of the great battle monument, which the commonwealth of Kentucky erected to the honor of the heroes of the Mexican War.

The Kentucky State Historical Society also erected a memorial to O'Hara's memory, a beautiful tablet of Italian marble. On the front of the stone is engraved in bas-relief an exquisite harp, and beneath it, inscribed his name, Theodore O'Hara.

And so Kentucky claimed her gifted and brave son, who spent his last days on an isolated Alabama plantation, and whose body rested for a time on Georgia soil. This gifted singer of one elegy, Theodore O'Hara.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

By Theodore O'Hara

This famous poem was written by Theodore O'Hara to commemorate the American dead in the battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican-American war 1846-1847. In that battle there were 23,000 Mexicans and only 4691 Americans. The Mexican losses exceeded 2500. The Americans lost 264 killed and 450 wounded. It was in that battle successfully commanded by Zachary Taylor that he gained the reputation that carried him to the White House as the Nation's President.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few,
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past:
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who hear the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept,
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody ground
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot.
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

PROPAGANDA IN EARLY ALABAMA FICTION

By Rhoda Coleman Ellison

(This article was prepared by Dr. Ellison from a chapter of her dissertation written in satisfaction in part towards receiving a Ph.D. degree from the University of North Carolina. Two scholarly books by Dr. Ellison have recently been released by the University of Alabama Press: "Early Alabama Publications," a study in literary interests, and "Check List of Alabama Imprints 1807-1870.")

Alabama fiction in the eighteen-fifties and sixties, like that in other parts of the South, gave itself over largely to propaganda concerning the economic and political issues of the day. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was not the only novelist who found that she could fight with her pen. From Alabama towns Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Mrs. V. C. Cowdin, William Falconer, Jeremiah Clemens, Mary A. Cruse, and even Joseph G. Baldwin and Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson exhorted their readers concerning slavery and secession. Whenever their Byronic heroes and faithful, fainting ladies were not quoting the English poets or moralizing sentimentally, they were almost certain to be pleading the cause dearest to their authors' hearts.

Of all the ideas that animated the Old South, the belief in slavery aroused the greatest activity among novelists as well as among orators and pamphleteers. The crying need to defend the "peculiar institution" against the attack of abolitionists inspired, at the same time that it laid a heavy hand on, many an Alabamian's creative efforts. There might be vigorous dissension on the subject of secession, as in Jeremiah Clemens' *Tobias Wilson* (Philadelphia, 1865), but not in the most violent anti-Confederate propaganda was there a protest against slavery. Even the notorious R. S. Tharin in his *Arbitrary Arrests in the South; or, Scenes from the Experience of an Alabama Unionist* declared: "I never was and never can be an Abolitionist."¹ Minnie Clare Boyd has shown that, according to Federal Census figures for 1860, only about one-third of the families of Alabama (33,730 out of 96,603) were slaveholders.² The articulate element, however, was either slaveholding or under the influence of slaveholders.

¹Tharin, *Arbitrary Arrests* (New York, 1863), p. 153.

²Boyd, *Alabama in the Fifties* (New York, 1931), pp. 40-41.

Francis Pendleton Gaines has observed that pro-slavery novels employed two methods of defense, the description of the joys of plantation life and the exposure of evils in the North and in Europe.³ The best Alabama examples of the first type, stories defending slavery directly, are the romances of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, who was neither a native Southerner nor a slaveholder.⁴ Almost all of her novels show the charm of plantation life, and at least two were undertaken as answers to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—*Marcus Warland* (1852) and *The Planter's Northern Bride* (1854). Perhaps because of the author's own New England background, they were composed in a spirit of greater tolerance towards the North than were most Alabama novels of the period. Mrs. Hentz's object was not only to defend slavery but also to bring about a better understanding between the two sections. In this respect her novels differ greatly from William Falconer's *Bloom and Brier*, a nostalgic defense of the regime written during the bitterness of Reconstruction days. Falconer was so thoroughly convinced of the incompatibility of the North and the South that he declared they represented two separate races, the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans, respectively. He called the "Yankees" a very small-minded, inquisitive, conceited sort of people," and sent his hero traveling in the North to observe their "eccentricities."

Like other more incensed propagandists of the time, Mrs. Hentz makes long digressions in her plantation romances, particularly in *The Planter's Northern Bride*, to point out directly to the reader arguments supporting slavery. These arguments are a strange mixture of the fatalistic, the pragmatic, and the humanitarian: 1. Class distinctions are divinely appointed; to question them is to question God. 2. Only the Negro, being adapted to the climate by a thicker skull and a skin more capable of secreting perspiration, can cultivate the Southern lands, and "unguided by the white man's influence" he will not do it.

³Gaines, *Southern Plantation* (New York, 1925), pp. 45-49.

⁴"Hardy second to Mrs. Southworth in popular esteem, and closer to plantation reality, was another Northern lady who wrote chiefly from Alabama, Mrs. C. L. Hentz." *Ibid.*, pp. 50-51. It is interesting to observe that in Cincinnati in 1830, immediately before moving to Alabama, Mrs. Hentz had been a member of the same literary society as had Harriet Beecher Stowe, according to Dr. Charles Hentz's MS autobiography, pp. 25-26.

⁵Hentz, *Planter's Northern Bride*, pp. 511-512.

(Warning to the North: the decay of Southern agriculture would result in the decay of Northern commerce—hence in the decay of all America.⁵) 3. The Negro is inferior to the white man both physically and mentally, just as Africa is inferior to the white nations. 4. The division of labor among so many servants in the South makes the burden of servitude lighter than in the North. (Mrs. Hentz pictures the New England “woman of all work in the kitchen, whose labour would have shamed the toil of three of Moreland’s stoutest slaves.”⁶) 5. Unlike the Northern laborer, the Negro has no fears for the future; he is cared for in sickness and in old age. (The best dramatization of this oft-repeated argument appears in old Uncle Simon, who can just “sit about and think of old times. Master don’t make me work any more.”⁷) 6. He received religious instruction, the discipline of orderly, scheduled duties, and pay for extra work.

The best evidence that the Negroes are “the happiest subservient race. . . on the face of the globe” is said to be the slave’s lack of interest in emancipation and the free Negro’s disillusionment with it. Footnotes are introduced to give actual instances of free Negroes’ begging planters to buy them.⁸ It is admitted that a few cruel masters exist, but it is insisted that they are social outlaws and, moreover, that the Negro’s trait of refusing to work beyond his strength is “his safeguard against selfish power.”⁹ Except as it is considered an inscrutable “divine decree,” no attempt is made by the average writer to justify the original enslavement of the Negro although William Falconer is able during Reconstruction days to see that “the Almighty brought the Negroes to America so that they might escape heathendom.”¹⁰

The second type of pro-slavery fiction, that which begs the question by picturing the corruption of the North, is represented in Alabama by the first seven chapters of Mrs. Hentz’s *The Planter’s Northern Bride* and by Mrs. V. G. Cowdin’s *Ellen; or, The Fanatic’s Daughter* (Mobile, 1860). Mrs. Hentz stressed

⁵Ibid., p. 65. Joseph G. Baldwin shows an Alabama planter as so lenient with his slaves that they “contracted sedentary diseases.” *Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* (New York, 1853), p. 104.

⁶Hentz, *Marcus Warland*, p. 114.

⁸Hentz, *Planter’s Northern Bride*, pp 355, 503.

⁹Ibid., p. 303.

¹⁰Falconer, *Bloom and Brier*, p. 31.

only the greater hardships and insecurity of the Northern servant. Her New England characters are usually deluded but amiable creatures who, when faced with the reality of Southern plantation life, are quickly converted to a more enlightened attitude. Mrs. Cowdin, on the contrary, felt in 1860 that there was little hope of such enlightenment. In *Ellen* she wasted no time in persuasion, but rather vented her spleen against the section that had been so stubbornly narrow and unjust. She reversed the procedure of Caroline E. Rush, who in *The North and the South; or Slavery and Its Contrasts* (Philadelphia, 1852) had opened her story in that den of iniquity, New York, later moving for relief to an idyllic plantation in Mississippi. To give greater emphasis to Yankee evils, Mrs. Cowdin suddenly shifts her unsuspecting characters from the peaceful, kindly South to the uncharitable North.

By far the greater part of her story is a portrayal of the malice of perverted abolitionists in New England and of the squalor and corruption of New York City. We witness an abolition meeting attended by "ministers, Congressmen, gamblers, negroes, and pious ladies," and we learn that the underlying purpose of abolitionists is "to set the negroes free from their present bondage, to establish a separate Republic, under the government of the Abolition party exclusively—to compel the negroes to labor for such wages as they receive North, and to drive all those who prove troublesome off, as the Indians have been."¹¹

New York is lawless and immoral, a cesspool of wickedness. On seeing a huge, ragged Negro beating a famished-looking white woman who is too weak to go out begging for him, the Southern Malcolm wishes to inform the police, but he is assured by his Northern friend that such occurrences are so frequent that they pass unheeded by the law. The Southern Ellen, impoverished by the rascality of the abolitionist Parson Blake, discovers that the mantua-maker's shop in which she has obtained

¹¹Cowdin, *Ellen*, p. 84. Mrs. Hentz in *The Planter's Northern Bride* had presented three types of abolitionists: the good man who rode a hobby, the busy-body who was determined to free the slaves against their will, and the deep-dyed villain and hypocrite. To these Baldwin in *Flush Times* (pp. 290-291) added the New England schoolmistress, "a bundle of prejudices—stiff, literal, positive, inquisitorial, and biliously pious. . . She had come as a missionary of light to the children of the South, who dwell in the darkness of Heathenese."

employment is a house of prostitution, its manager being a procuress for Northern congressmen. Since the only honorable work that Ellen can find is making shirts at a dollar a week, she attempts to get aid for her dying mother from a New York charitable association but is rebuffed because she has no sins to confess. The "Woman's Aid" is assembled, not to aid the suffering but to gloat with fiendish exultation over the poor fallen ones, and to extort histories of depravity from wretched despairing creatures, by the bestowal of a coarse garment or scanty meal.¹²

Although Alabama fiction reflects less of the political than of the economic theories that culminated in the War of Secession, at least two novelists of the sixties expressed their own philosophy of government. Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson composed *Macaria or Altars of Sacrifice* as an ardent secessionist during the war, and William Falconer wrote *Bloom and Brier* as a disillusioned anti-secessionist during the Reconstruction aftermath. Except, however, for the difference in their attitude toward the wisdom of disunion, a difference perhaps partly explainable in terms of their periods of composition, there was little lack of harmony in their political principles. Both were conservative, even anti-democratic. Falconer dramatized the conflict between the State's Rights and the Union elements within the Democratic party in the figures of two statesmen recognizable as the actual leaders of those elements in Alabama, William Lowndes Yancey and Henry W. Hilliard, respectively. The comparison of the careers, personal appearance, and platform manners and methods of the two men is similar to that recorded by the *Montgomery Weekly Advertiser*, July 24th, 1855,¹³ and by William Russell Smith in his *Reminiscences* (Washington, 1889). Falconer, in his romance dedicated to Hilliard, pictured Yancey (under the name of Colonel Haywood) as a demagogue who at political barbecues, flattered, magnetized, and excited "the masses" to agree with his fire-eating tendencies. Although there is no evidence that Mrs. Wilson had any contemporary orators in mind, she too felt that democracy led to demagoguery, and she described her hero's campaign speechless calm and logical, not

¹²Cowdin, *Ellen*, p. 149.

¹³The Yancey-supporting *Advertiser* said in part, "Yancey has more passion, Hilliard more art; Yancey is ardent, impulsive, rash; Hilliard cold, self-possessed, cautious."

"lashing the passions of the populace into a passing phrensy."¹⁴

Both Mrs. Wilson and Falconer distrusted this easily-aroused populace, particularly on election day. "It is merely a question of taste whether you call the despot Czar, Dictator, or Ballot-Box," declared the hero of *Macaria*. "The masses are electrical, and valuable principles of electricity should be beyond the reach of explosion."¹⁵ After Falconer's hero had expressed his wish to see the executive term lengthened "from four years to twenty or life," and suffrage limited "to native citizens, with a **good property qualification**," he ejaculated. "The people! I am very much afraid of the people."¹⁶ Jefferson Davis, who appears in the last chapters, is made to say, "The less suffrage there is in a country up to a certain point, the freer, the happier, and the more peaceful the people, and the stronger the government." When Falconer's ante-bellum hero desired "a **constitutional monarchy**, or any other sort of monarchy, in preference to the turbulent anarchy of a republic,"¹⁷ it was the "turbulent anarchy" of post-bellum days of which the author was thinking, as is evident from such bitter outbursts as this:

Now, in 1869, behold the wisdom of the idea (of self-government)! Come and look in upon us, all ye outside world, and in the wretchedness, poverty, humiliations and degradations of the brave-hearted but misguided South, see the capacity of men for self-government!¹⁸

Thus the essentially conservative political philosophy of the Southern planter found reactionary expression in two novels of the Tragic Decade.

Although the novels of the state reveal only conservative, aristocratic opinion on slavery and government, they represent two widely different points of view concerning the war in which those issues culminated. The usual point of view was, of course, the eminently orthodox one of fervid loyalty to the Confederate cause. It was expressed by almost every Alabama novel of the sixties, with the natural exception of the "escape" fiction,

¹⁴Wilson, *Macaria*, p. 256.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 246.

¹⁶Falconer, *Bloom and Brier*, p. 153.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 239.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 201.

of which a flood appeared during Reconstruction days. There was a great deal of flag-waving, melodrama, and also quiet heroism in such stories as Mary A. Cruse's **Cameron Hall: A Story of the Civil War** (New York, 1866), as well as in the final chapters of Mrs. Wilson's **Macaria** and of Falconer's **Bloom and Brier**, where the war seems something of an afterthought. In all of these narratives the war itself is presented vaguely, except in Mrs. Wilson's hospital scenes, drawn from her own experiences during the conflict.¹⁹ Written in the midst of that conflict, **Macaria** is yet by no means so completely on the defensive for the South as were Mrs. Hentz's novels of the fifties and Falconer's novel of the late sixties. Mrs. Hentz had gone so far as to defend apologetically the Southern planter's custom of using tobacco,²⁰ and Falconer defiantly vindicated dueling.²¹ In **Macaria** Mrs. Wilson did not stoop to defend the whims or the vices of the South. On the contrary, in the character of Irene she openly criticized the false emphasis placed on genteel appearance and on genteel ancestry, as, in the character of Edna Earl in **St. Elmo**, she was later to censure dueling. She glorified not the entire South but the ambition of young students and the self-sacrifice of Confederate soldiers.

To turn from the traditional Confederate soldiers, noble and valiant, to others who are all either vulgar boasters, robbers, or seducers is something of a shock, particularly in a novel written by a native Alabamian during the Civil War. Yet this violently anti-Confederate point of view actually belonged to one Alabama novelist, Jeremiah Clemens of Huntsville, and is vigorously set forth in his **Tobias Wilson: A Tale of the Great**

¹⁹"The sole enthusiasm of my life," Mrs. Wilson is recorded as saying, "was born, lived, and perished in the four years of the Confederacy. Those solemn, anxious, torturing, yet holy, four years of tears, prayers, vigils beside hospital cots, of nights passed on my knees in prayer for dear ones in battle line; those few vivid, terrible years constitute for me the most sacredly sacrificial portion of my life." *Library of Southern Literature*, XIII, 5852.

²⁰Hentz, *Marcus Warland*, pp. 23-24.

²¹Falconer, *Bloom and Brier*, pp. 27, 276. Falconer's attitude recalls that of one of Baldwin's *Flush Time* bullies, jailed for murder: "Now you can't put an inch or two of knife in a fellow, or lam him over the head a few times with a lightwood knot, but every little lackey must poke his nose into it, and Law, law, law, is the word,—the cowardly, nasty slinks." *Flush Times*, pp. 307-308.

Rebellion.²² Clemens, who had represented Alabama in the United States Senate from 1849 to 1853, was already the author of several conventional historical romances, all published in Philadelphia: **Bernard Lile** (1856), **Mustang Gray** (1858), and **The Rivals: A Tale of the Times of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton** (1860). His **Tobias Wilson** pictures the life of Unionists among the hills of Jackson County in North Alabama. Tobias Wilson's grandfather refused to give food to three Confederate soldiers and shot one who was attempting to steal his horse, for which act of treason he was soon afterwards quietly murdered. Tobias himself was captured by the Confederate conscription agents but cleverly escaped, and, with the friend who had satisfactorily avenged his grandfather's death for him, joined the beleaguered army of General Rosencrans in the capacity of a guerilla. The story closes just before the battle of Chattanooga, when the Federals' fortunes were at low ebb and many Unionist families were hurriedly bartering away their possessions in order to leave the state.

Clemens not only disapproved of secession but also found every influence of the war to be evil. It broke up homes, estranged members of the same family, and degraded character. A North Alabama mountain boy, conscripted into the Confederate Army, thought that he would have grown into "a good, sober and industrious man, as dad, is . . . if this d—d war hadn't come along, busting up everything, making men who were tolerably well off, poor, and poor men, beggars; making honest men, thieves, and kind-hearted human beings, blood-thirsty panthers. I wish the men who brought it on were in the bottom of hell, and Jeff Davis the lowest of the lot."²³

General Joe Wheeler's guerillas are represented as especially degraded characters, and Wheeler himself as the worst of

²²Willis Brewer, *Alabama*, p. 363, gives this record of Clemens' relation to secession: "He was elected to the constitutional convention of 1861, and voted against but afterwards signed the secession ordinance. He was about that time appointed major general of the state forces by Governor Moore, but was engaged in no active service. During the federal occupancy of Huntsville he became a Unionist, and visited the North. While there he published a pamphlet which greatly misrepresented his fellow citizens. It was near the close of the war that he died in Huntsville." The pamphlet referred to was entitled **Letter from Hon. Jeremiah Clemens** (Philadelphia, 1864).

²³Clemens, *Tobias Wilson*, p. 84.

them all, "a popinjay general," fleeing in terror from Union cavalry. But if his troops "would not fight, they could and did plunder and oppress." A footnote explains that the author himself was robbed by Wheeler's men of "thirty-five mules, four horses, and every hog, sheep, and goat, with every hoof of cattle, besides corn, provisions, etc. to an unknown amount, from one plantation."²⁴ Apparently Wheeler's march was as devastating as Sherman's—to Unionists, at least.

Jeremiah Clemens' attack on the Confederacy was, of course, unique in Alabama fiction of the period. The typical writers were not on the offensive; they were on the defensive for all things traditionally dear to the planter class. Many of Alabama's most original creations, even some of Baldwin's otherwise objective tales, were colored by this consciousness of being under attack. It was not, as has often been charged, that the section was unaware of the ideas that were current in the rest of the nation. Alabama literature of the period demonstrates the contrary to have been true. Yet it demonstrates also that wherever the issue of slavery was even indirectly concerned there could be no impartial investigation of the idea. Alabama writers often addressed their readers very much in the apologetic spirit in which Mrs. Cowdin's Southern planter greeted a Northern guest at his door: "'I trust, Mr. Layton,' said Major Wallace, as he shook Horace warmly by the hand, 'that we shall be good friends. I hope that you have no very great repugnance to our peculiar institution?'"²⁵

²⁴Ibid., p. 304. For an account of Unionist persecution of another sort, see R. S. Tharin's *Arbitrary Arrests in the South; or The Experience of an Alabama Unionist*.

²⁵Cowdin, Ellen, p. 8.

EARLY HISTORY OF AUBURN

By Mrs. Mary Reese Frazer

(Through the courtesy of Miss Mary E. Martin, long while librarian of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, this history of early Auburn has been copied by her from an out-of-print pamphlet. Mrs. Frazer has been dead for some years, but we are indebted to her for both the "Early History of Auburn," herewith published, and also "History of the Auburn Baptist Church," which will appear in a later issue. Editor.)

In the autumn of 1836 a small colony of people left Harris County, Georgia, in quest of new and better surroundings. Prominent among these people was one John J. Harper and his son, a young man fresh from college. I am told that the father and son rode horseback from Harris County, as that was the most convenient mode of travel at that time. The distance was too great to make in a day so they spent the night in the home of a Mr. Taylor of Jones County, Georgia. Miss Taylor, a daughter of their host, was just home from college, the Wesleyan. She was a most beautiful girl of fifteen. Our young man, Tom Harper, was very much infatuated with her beautiful face and charming manner, consequently a mutual friendship sprang up between them, of which I will tell you later.

After a short stay in the home of Mr. Taylor, Judge Harper and his son bade the Taylor family good-bye and proceeded on their way to this part of Alabama, which was claimed by the Creek Indians. Judge Harper was so pleased with this section that he made a treaty with these Indians, and in a friendly way traded with them. I am told that Judge Harper was a very clever man, just in all his dealings, for the Creeks immediately gave him possession and moved toward Loachapoka, Notasulga and Tuskegee. We will say, according to these facts, Judge Harper was regarded as financier and founder of our little village.

After the sales were made and moneys paid, Judge Harper secured the services of Mr. Sim Perry, a young civil engineer. Mr. Perry afterwards moved here, where he lived to a ripe old age.

John Harper was a man of means and generosity. He gave to the town the Methodist and Baptist Church lots. The lot where the Kappa Sigma house now stands was given for the purpose of building a female college.

Our cemetery was also a gift of this good man. It was for a long time called "Pine Hill Cemetery." A singular fact, the first person buried there was a negro owned by Judge Harper. The next was a Mr. William Harper. This was in 1838.

I had to digress a little, but will now go back and tell how the name of our fair city was chosen. After some months of hard work and much thought, the town was surveyed, as I before mentioned, by Mr. Simeon Perry.

People hearing of the new and wonderful city that was to be, and that it was proposed to be an educational center, also, came in from several states, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and others. A Mrs. Freeman moved in and to her surprise the town had no name. She proposed the name of Geneva. Our young Tom Harper and several others did not accept the name, but waited a while. So, when the town was well under construction, Judge Harper and young Tom returned to their former home to bring their family and caravan of negroes. They again stopped at the Taylor home, and young Tom in the meantime had not forgotten this beautiful Miss Taylor. He said to her, "We have settled in East Alabama, and are returning to move our family and negroes. Our new town has no name; will you propose one?" She enthusiastically exclaimed, "Name it Auburn, Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." She was reading Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Straws were drawn for the two names which had been proposed, Geneva and Auburn, and Auburn was chosen,—hence our little city was named by Miss Lizzie Taylor.

The friendship of this young couple soon ripened into a warm affection, and in 1837 the two lives were made one. Tom brought his young bride here, and they lived in the first frame house erected in this city. It was where the Thomas Hotel now stands, and was known as the tavern. This couple had two sons born unto them; Swep and Jack. Tom Harper in a few years died with the fatal disease, consumption. Mrs. Harper afterwards married Judge Flanagan, a teacher. She then lived where the Gilberts now live. This woman retained her beauty to the end of her life.

Building of all kinds were soon erected. Store houses,

dwelling houses and a factory, etc., were scatteringly put up with room for gardens and patches.

The female college, known as the Masonic Female College, stood where the Kappa Sigma House now stands, a large two story frame building where many young women were graduated. Among the number I will mention Miss Mollie Reese, my cousin, and Miss Mianda Jordan, afterwards Mrs. Swanson, the grandmother of our Mrs. Gilbert. These two ladies graduated many years before the war.

I am told that a Professor Douglas was the first president of the college, and Professor Darby was chemist. There was a chapel here where the Kappa Sigma have their tennis court, and in the basement of this building Professor Darby had his laboratory. Professor Darby wrote his own chemistry and botany, and his wife who was a fine artist, illustrated his botany. This chapel mentioned, like the old building, went to pieces, and so was moved over on another lot, was brick veneered, and today we have the same building as Langdon Hall.

From what I have learned, quite a number of Masons lived here, and in 1848 built a Masonic Hall. This hall was on the lot where Jolly's store now is. Among the number of prominent Masons were: Major White, uncle of Dr. Drake and Mr. Mitchell Drake, Mr. Ben Johnson, who was for forty years depot agent at this place, Mr. Wallace Drake, who later became Royal Arch Mason, Dr. John Hodges Drake, father of our Dr. Drake, Mr. Sim Perry, Hon. William Samford, Mr. F. M. Reese, and Mr. Thomas Slaton, who was Royal Arch Mason.

Mr. Slaton was a first cousin of our late Major William Slaton of Atlanta, Ga. Major Slaton lived in Auburn for a number of years, and was at one time principal of the Boys' Academy. This building was on the same lot where our Grammar School now is. Major Slaton moved to Atlanta, where he was Superintendent of all public schools, and was active in this work up to the time of his death, which occurred a few years ago.

Just here I will tell you a bit of interesting history, at least it has always been so to me. Among the early settlers of Auburn was a family of Lees who moved here from Georgia, but were originally from Virginia. This family owned the property from

where the canteen now is to beyond the Veterinary Department. Their home was on the lot where the Veterinary Hospital is. Mr. Thomas Slaton married one of the Lee sister, Miss Sarah Jane Lee, who was a first cousin of our Robert E. Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Slaton were the parents of my friend Mrs. Eva Smythe and grandparents of our Miss Birdie Smythe.

Mr. Crawford built a very pretty cottage on the lot where the main college building now stands. He was a very enterprising and industrious man; he owned a factory where he manufactured carriages, buggies, wagons, etc. His factory was where the Meadows-Lamar Garage now is. Quite a number of skilled workmen (sixty in number) were employed by Mr. Crawford, but for some reasons he was not very popular among all of them, and one night, to the horror and dismay of the little town, this building was set on fire and burned down. Mr. Crawford lost very heavily, became discouraged, sold out and moved away. Mr. Wallace Drake, father of Mr. Mitchell Drake, bought Mr. Crawford's house for the purpose of using the material to increase the size of his own residence. He wanted the house moved, and a Mr. George Foster said that he could move it without tearing it down, and proceeded to put wheels under it, and had mules from several plantations hitched to it. At the first move the house fell to pieces, and "great was the fall thereof." Mr. Drake had the timbers hauled to his place and used them in adding rooms to his house. It was the most beautiful place in Auburn; the yard was one bower of beauty and taste; the fragrance of many flowers perfumed the air. This house still stands, long known to us as the Boykin home, but now owned by Prof. Albert Thomas. The Mr. Foster who moved the house lived in a small cottage located where the Chemical Laboratory stands today.

Mr. Wallace Drake was a very esthetic man; a poet, artist and musician. He designed his wife's tomb, a most beautiful shaft, which you will see in Pine Hill Cemetery. He also wrote the verses engraved upon the monument, of which the following is a specimen:

"We met, 'twas in life's genial spring,
Our hearts, our hopes, our joys were one;
Twelve years have passed on time's swift wing,
And lo! thy work of love is done.
We part beside the cold, dark grave,
But trust in Him who came to save;
Soon I shall leave the walks of men,
Good-night, my love, we'll meet again."

Among the prominent men who moved into this community were Major James F. White, a very rich man, who owned the large two-story house just across the railroad, now the property of Mr. Mitchell Drake; my uncle M. Edwin Reese, who built the house now owned by Mr. T. O. Wright; Mr. William Osborne Moore, father of Mr. Smith, our efficient telephone operator, who lived about a mile farther south of my uncle; Judge Harper, who built the two-story house on the lot where Mrs. Myrick now lives, afterwards owned by Mr. Wesley Williams, a man of means; Hon. William F. Samford then bought it. He was the father of our late Governor William J. Samford, Mrs. Myrick and Miss Mary Samford.

Among the original settlers was Major D. T. Halliday, a very wealthy planter, whose dwelling is now occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Cary. Mrs. Cary is Chairman of our Civic and Health League, and is untiring in her efforts toward the improvement of our town.

Professor John Darby lived where Professor Duggar now lives. It was there that he discovered and manufactured his wonderful "Darby's Fluid," which was and is in constant use as a medicine and disinfectant.

Very few of the original houses are left standing as Auburn has been almost destroyed three times by fire and twice by storms.

My own house is one of the few left. I am told that it was originally two rooms, and that the grounds around it were called China Walker's calf pasture, because of the fact that a number of calves roamed at large over the place, as there was no stock law in those days. The house was remodelled in 1859. My parents came here in 1845. My father was a young lawyer of twenty-

three years. He built the little cottage opposite the negro school-house, and it was there I was born in 1850. I am today the oldest born citizen in the town.

You will, no doubt, be surprised to know that in those early days we had quite a flourishing business town. There were eight large dry-goods stores, a shoe factory, a carriage factory, which I mentioned before, a number of grocery stores, drug store, jewelry store, a cabinet maker's shop, a bank, two tailor shops, a good market, several newspapers: The Herald, edited by Holifield and Reese; The Gazette, by Drake and Price; Young Ladies' Mirror, by the College girls. There was a Water Cure Hospital, supervised by Dr. and Mrs. Reed. This hospital was where Professor Webb recently lived. The place is now owned by Mr. Finley and occupied by the Theta Chi Fraternity. There were two Daguerreians here; we know them today as photographers,—Mr. Park and Mr. Farrer were very fine artists whose work is as unchanged today as when finished. These artists had their galleries in what was known as the Rail-Road Hotel. This hotel was just across the railroad from Mrs. Howard Lamar's, on the lot we have known for years as the Dunklin lot. It was kept by a Mr. Tom Eady, about 1850-1852.

We had in the early days of Auburn, three churches, Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian. The Methodist Church was a log house just to the rear of where the present building is; the Baptist Church was also a log structure, and stood near the railroad, facing the street going towards Mr. Amos Cox's house. The place is now occupied by Joe Nesbit, a colored man. In 1848 the present lot was given by Mrs. Matthew Turner, a very rich lady. She built the second Baptist Church which was blown down by a storm. This was during the Civil War and the building was full of sick and wounded soldiers. The roof was blown down, and rested on the pews, which prevented it from crushing our soldiers. Not one was hurt, but kept dry during that night of the most terrific storm that we have ever experienced. The third Baptist Church was built by my father-in-law, Mr. Alex Frazer, with just the aid of some minor help. We now have the fourth church, foundation same as the third.

Speaking of the Baptist Church, let me give you the name of one of our Ministers: Edwin Champion Baptist Bowler Wheeler Nichols Dema Stephen Resden Carter Jackson Moore Thomas. He usually signed himself as E. C. D. B. Thomas. We also had

another Minister, Parson Jones, who thought it very sinful not to be on speaking terms, which was the case with several of the members of his Church. He made this remark one day in the pulpit: "Won't speak to each other! Why I'd speak to the Devil; I'd say, 'Good Morning, Devil,' and walk on."

The old Presbyterian Church was built by my uncle Mr. Edwin Reese. My great grandmother, Anna Reese, and my father contributed largely to its erection. My great grandmother gave the Bible, which is still in use. She also gave the Communion Set. After the individual cups were furnished I fell heir to the tankard, which is now owned by my grand-child. That old church was built in 1850.

In the early fifties Auburn boasted of an Episcopal Church. This church stood a little back of where the Library now is, and was built by a Mr. McGregor.

Quite a number of prominent Methodist families moved into this city: Reverend John Glenn, Mr. Isaac Hill, Mr. Sim Perry, Mr. Ogletree, Mr. Addison Frazer, Mr. Adam Hardin and others.

Just here let me tell you about one of our boarding houses in which lived Lambs, Drake, Whales, and Kidds: the Lambs and Kidds became dissatisfied and moved over to the Byrds.

The building of the railroad created a bit of excitement about 1850-1852. Judge Harper had the contract for building this railroad through this section of Alabama. However, he did not live to see this great work completed, he died that same year. The road was built to West Point by the slaves of Mrs. Jordan, great grandmother of our Mrs. Gilbert.

Stage coaches were used before the building of railroads. Most of the citizens here were men of means, therefore owned their vehicles and travelled wherever they wished to go.

Judge Harper said there should never be a saloon in two miles of the incorporate limits,—but please don't understand me to say there was no whiskey sold in this town; yes, I am sorry to confess, that whenever it was desired it flowed in plenty.

In 1836 to 1860 there were twenty-three physicians who practiced here. Among those of my recollection were Drs. Mc-

Dowdell, Mason, Bass, Drake, Bilbro, Capers, Jones and Philpot.

The dentists were Cobb, McElhaney, and Cherry. Lawyers: Carter, (first husband of our sainted Mrs. McElhaney), F. M. Reese (my father), Turner, Leftwick, Dillard (father of Mr. A. L. Dillard, who lives here today), Mr. Boyd and Mr. Holifield (uncle of Misses Mollie and Kate Holifield).

Literary men and authors: Professor Darby, text books; Reverend Dr. Sasnett, text books; Professor Morris, Grammar; Hon. W. F. Samford, (father of our former Governor and Mrs. Myrick and Miss Mary Samford); Professor Price and Col. Wallace Drake; Mrs. C. C. Oliver, Mrs. Hamil (mother of our sainted Howard Hamil); R. C. Holifield, William Howe, F. M. Reese, Col. Scott and Dr. Lamar.

On the second floor of a large two-story wooden structure, just about where the large northeast entrance gate is which leads into the college campus, was a printing office, where the three papers were sent out each week to enlighten the people of Alabama. On the first floor of this building was a large supply store kept by Col. Scott and Mr. Frank Dillard (father and grandfather of Miss Annie Laurie Dillard). The shoe department of this business was managed by a Mr. Flanagan (father of T. A. Flanagan, whom we all knew so well as "Boss Flanagan." As we remember, Boss Flanagan owned the business now owned by Mr. W. D. Gibson). Another store in the first mentioned building was a grocery store kept by a Mr. Grout (grandfather of our Mrs. C. S. Yarbrough). This Mr. Grout and family were the early settlers of Auburn.

Other prominent merchants of this town were: Sale and Smith, Dillard Brothers, Mr. Raiford, Mr. Bryant Clower (who was accidently killed), Mr. Nick Persons and Mr. Thomas Slaton.

William Howe, the poet and writer, built the house now owned and occupied by Mr. Shell Toomer. He married Virginia Gorse. Virginia's mother kept boarding house where the Lambda Chi Fraternity house now stands. Virginia was a little girl, fourteen years of age; Mr. Howe was thirty years of age. He fell in love with this little child, and beset her mother to give her to him. For a long time the mother refused the request, but at last consented to the marriage; so at the age of fifteen Vir-

ginia put on her first long dress and became the wife of William Howe. At the age of sixteen she died, and left a broken-hearted husband, who would not consent for his little child wife to be buried in the cemetery, so he laid her in the front yard, where, on doubt, he shed many a tear at her grave. But, man-like, he soon sought consolation in the pretty face of the older sister, who told him when he buried her sister in Pine Hill Cemetery she would be his bride. Of course it was done without delay. As you enter the cemetery you will see a tomb with these words: "William to Virginia."

I am more familiar with the memory of those who lie in Pine Hill Cemetery than with these who live among us today. I have often been asked who Jethro Walker was,— the man who put up one tomb to three wives. He was a very prominent citizen here, and lived where Dr. Reid Yarbrough now lives. He owned a large plantation a few miles out, and was there spending Sunday night. I have been told that he was reading his Bible when, through a window and by an unknown party, a shot was fired, killing Mr. Walker instantly. The people searched for the murderer, but he was never found.

A very queer character was that of Mr. Billie Mitchell, called by all of us "Uncle Billie." It is said that in his last days he made his family promise not to bury him in a coffin, but to dress him and lay him out on a feather bed, and also to put his boots beside him. Now, I am not in a position to say that this was a fact, or just something told, still I have heard it all my life. If you will go into the Drake enclosure you will find a cemented vault, and that is his resting place.

Many tragedies are recorded in the history of Auburn. One I shall mention in particular. Jeff Wynn and his cousin, Jack Harper (he, as you remember, was the son of Tom and Lizzie Harper) one morning went out hunting, and by some means or other Jack's gun went off and Jeff was instantly killed. Jack brought the body into town, crying at the top of his voice, "I have killed my friend, I killed my friend!" Poor Jack came near losing his mind. He felt that he could not live here after this terrible accident, so he left Auburn and went out to Mississippi. I do not think he ever returned. I ask all of you to go to the cemetery some day and see a simple head and foot-stone erected to the memory of Jeff Wynn. This was put there by his faithful old

slave, Amos Wynn. He told me that he tried for a long while to Get Mr. Wynn's relatives to mark his grave, but did not succeed. So after sixty years that old negro begged the money from strangers, and friends and erected this little stone to his young "Marster," as he always called him. This poor old negro went hungry and cold, but never used a penny of that money for his necessities. He kept it in trust with Mr. Burton. For sixty years, or more, Amos kept that one sacred spot. I never knew a more touching instance of a slave's devotion to the memory of his young master.

Most of the facts just related were between 1836 and 1856.

In 1856 the Methodist grew in pretty large numbers. Prominent members of that Church moved in from all quarters. The Glenn, Andrews, Lamars, Perrys, Moores, Hills, Ogletrees, Hollidays, Scotts, Dillards and others.

In 1856 these and others decided that this was the place for a Methodist college, to be known as the Methodist Conference college. Reverend John Glenn (better known as "Uncle Johnnie") was elected as President of the Board, I know of but one other member of the Board, a Mr. Kilchrist or Gilchrist. The lot opposite Mrs. Lipscomb's residence was the site first selected on which to build the college. This place is now owned by Misses Kate and Mildred McElhaney. The ground was laid off, levelled, and workmen were ready for work when Mr. Kilchrist came, saw the situation and decided that it would be too far from the center of the town. So all agreed to purchase the lot on which the college now stands. The work began in earnest. In the summer of 1857 the great day came for the laying of the cornerstone. Everybody, negroes and children were there. Tables for the great dinner were built from the corner of the North entrance gate to the corner of the South entrance gate; small tables under the trees on the left,—in fact, tables were galore. Citizens of the town of every denomination came with hampers filled with rich viands.. The Moore brothers, Mr. Jim Moore's father and two uncles lived out a mile or two. They brought in a wagon full, drawn by six mules. I was there with my mother and father; of course I was quite a small child, still I remember that I never saw so much to eat in all my life. Visitors from all parts of the country were there; also many celebrities. Bishop Pierce was one of the speakers, and W. L. Yancey

of political fame. Reverend E. J. Hamil was the financial agent for the college. I cannot recall others who were there, nor can I get information elsewhere. A platform was improvised on which the speakers sat. Rough seats were placed on the ground for the audience. That was the greatest day that Auburn ever experienced up to that time. I do not recall any day like it since.

After that wonderful day the work continued steadily. At last the great day came when its doors were thrown open to welcome the boys, greeted by their President, Reverend Mr. Sasnett, Professor John Glenn, Professor J. T. Dunklin and Professor John Darby. But I am sorry to record that after a few short years the clouds of war began to gather, and our once peaceful and happy little village presented a different scene. The "Auburn Guards," a company of young men was organized, led by Captain Dixon. Fancy uniforms and caps were the chief attractions to myself and others. The sound of fire and drum called our boys to arms and to war, to fight against the Northern foe for our rights, as we felt. The boys volunteered from college, and in 1861 the doors of our great institution were closed, and our once happy boys marched away to return no more. The college was soon after turned into a hospital for our sick and wounded soldiers—many of them dying. We have a beautiful shaft raised to the memory of our young men who are buried in Pine Hill Cemetery. This was done by the U. D. C. of our city.

I am so glad that I remember some of these boys, and, with many others, ministered to their comfort, I will not dwell longer on those four tragical years, but this I will say in honor to our brave women and children, the luxuries of former days were forgotten and the spinning-wheel and the loom was the special music heard from every household. Knitting socks was our pastime; my friend, Mrs. Dr. Drake and I knit a sock a day, but they were not so particular then just how the toe and heel should be finished.

After the war, we who were once so prosperous and happy, were poor indeed, but I am glad to say we still had grit, went to work and built up our lost fortunes, at least some of us. The college was presented to the State by our noble Christian brethren, and has since been climbing to heights, and today this institution ranks first in all the Southland.

Now I have given you the first chapter of Auburn's history and the second part I will leave for some of you to write, as you know more of Auburn from the closing of this chapter than I, for I am like many of these friends of whom I have given you a short sketch, "A back number" placed on the files of long ago.

So to you I say "Good-bye."

MONTGOMERY, STATE CAPITOL A CENTURY

(On December 28, 1946, the Blue and Grey Association celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Montgomery's history as State Capitol of Alabama. During the week social festivities, such as balls and dinners, were on the program which culminated in an historic pageant followed by a football game between the Blue and Grey teams. Scenes from not only Montgomery's history were shown on floats, but other Alabama cities took part showing their history or natural resources or industries.

So widespread was the interest that the streets were filled with spectators and every one of the 22,000 seats of Cramton Bowl was occupied by enthusiastic supporters of football, the teams of the two sections vieing with each other, being composed of outstanding athletes from various points in the Nation.

Every visitor to the city admired the stately building that crowns Capitol Hill, our statehouse, to which three wings have been added during its history. The first Capitol building was destroyed by fire two years after its erection, but was at once rebuilt on the same plan with slight modifications. The following description of the Capitol is taken from the pages of *The Democrat*, Huntsville, Nov. 24, 1847. Editor.)

State Capitol
Montgomery

The Democrat
Huntsville, Ala.
Nov. 24, 1847
Page 3 - Col. 4 & 5

General Description of THE NEW STATE HOUSE

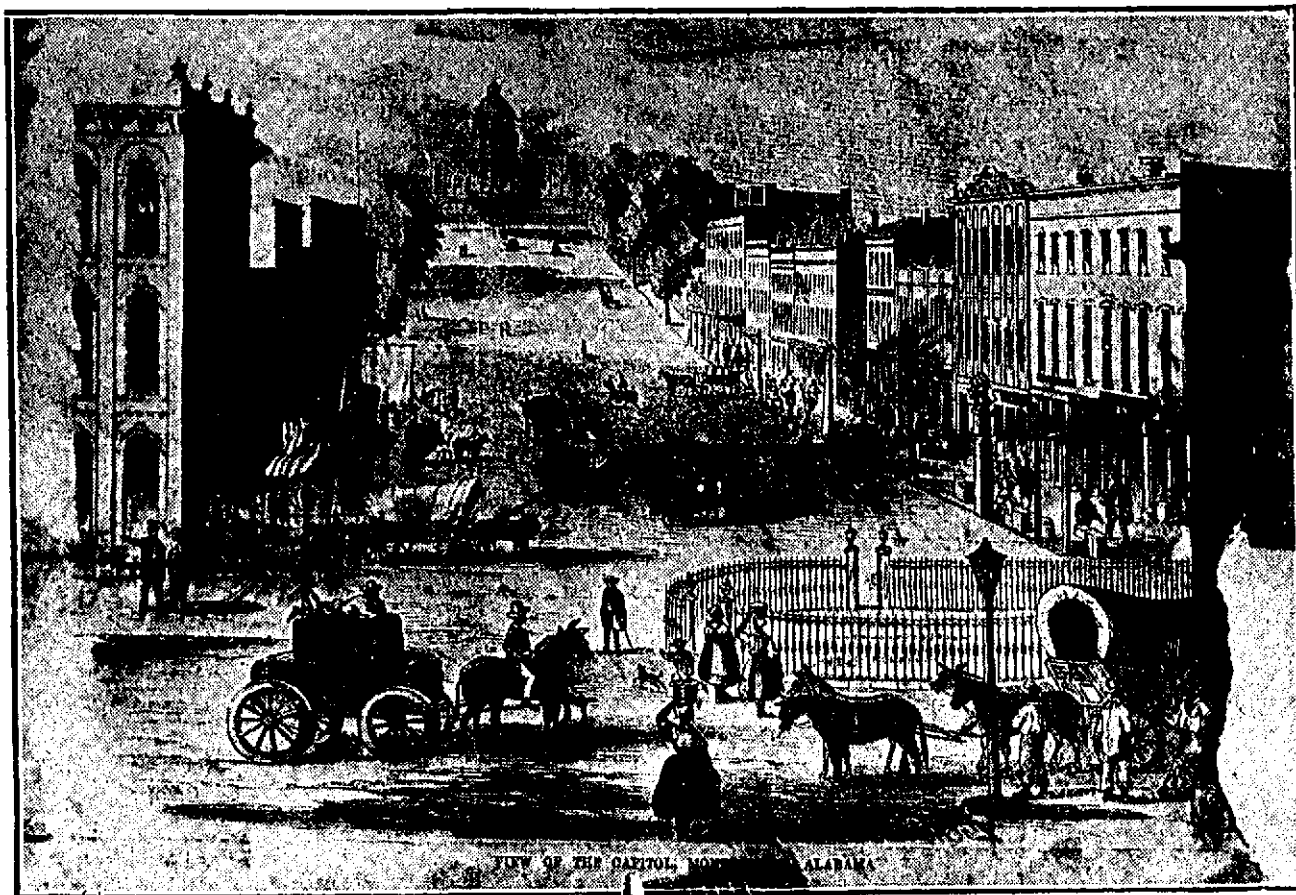
At Montgomery, Ala.

Erected according to the Plans and under the superintendence of D. S. Button, Architect, assisted by the Building Committee,—R. R. Bardwell & Bird F. Robinson, Contractors.

The Foundation of this Edifice was commenced on the 9th day of June, 1846; the Corner Stone was laid by the Masonic Fraternity on the 4th day of July following. On the 1st day of November, 1847, the house was completed and the keys delivered up to the Building Committee. Dimensions of the house are as follows: The main building is 160 feet front by 70 feet deep, with a front and rear projection; the projection in front forms the Portico, which is 60 by 27 feet—the rear projection is 40 by

50 feet; the landing or Platform of Portico is 13 feet wide, 14 feet being thrown into the entrance Hall. The entablature over the Portico is supported by six columns of the Grecian composite style of architecture, (the design is taken from Laferer's Beauties of Modern Architecture;) the columns are 3 feet 8 inches diameter, and 29 feet high, the entablature is 10 feet 6 inches in depth; the pediment over the Portico rises 8 feet in the center; the crown moulding of the cornice is carried up the rake of the pediment and terminates over the centre of each outside column from which the tile ornaments are continued around the entire building the whole entablature (except the crown moulding) is continued around the whole house on each side of the Portico; in front the entablature is supported by 7 antees 3 feet 3 inches wide by 5 inches projection—also one antee behind each outside column—also 6 antees on each end and 10 on the rear.

SWAN'S BURNING OF THE CAPITOL



By far the most interesting of all Montgomery prints is that one, "The Burning of the Capitol," December 14, 1849." This picture originated as a daguerreotype made by the photographer, A. G. Park, who apparently, in partnership with S. Swan, had it lithographed by Sarony and Major, that celebrated firm long furnishing prints to the American public. This view shows Market Street from the steps of the Court House, which then occupied the center of the space which we call our "Court Square." Immediately in the forefront is to be seen four iron

posts which are erected in the center of the street, and which protect the cap of a cistern under-ground, a water supply for the downtown business houses. Ox-carts, covered wagons, drays, mule teams, Negroes, planters, and limited number of shoppers on the street, are in view. The scene illustrates smoke emerging from the top of the Capitol building, which at that time had no super-structure in the nature of a dome. The Capitol stairways were circular and on the outside of the building which has an inset portico fronting west and above a basement story. This print is by far the rarest ever issued for any of the inland points in the Southern States. Mobile, New Orleans, and Savannah coast town pictures appeared quite early, and the English travelers, who passed through this section after the visit of Basil Hall, in 1827, left quite a few Alabama River Prints.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF FATHER RYAN

By Kate Coles Donegan

(Taken from an undated collection of papers and essays in the collections of Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter U.D.C., Huntsville, Alabama. Mrs. Donegan at the time was historian of the Chapter.)

It was my good fortune to know Father Ryan personally, as he was a frequent visitor in the early seventies to the old Donegan home, and we always enjoyed those visits of our Southern Bard, our poet Laureate of the Southern Confederacy. His beautiful book of sad, sweet memories of our "Lost Cause" will ever be a sacred volume to me, because it breathes of loyalty, sings of patriotism and dreams of love and pathos of the Old South. He would withdraw himself from the world and live in the realm of thought, and the "Story Runneth Thus" which is full of beauty and pathos, I have heard is the Story of his own life. There was a shade of melancholy on his face and his writings are tinged with sadness. Once I heard him preach a sermon and his subject was "The Sea of Galilee." His description of the face of our Saviour while he lay asleep in the storm tossed ship, was like a beautiful poem, and you could almost see the light of divine love pictured in the countenance of his Holy and peaceful face. Father Ryan's personal appearance was not prepossessing and he did not look very much like a poet. Still he had the soul of a poet and the heart of the Priest and with this tender combination the result was worthy of the pen of one who would have given his life's blood for the success of the "Cause" he so dearly loved and the good of his church both of which he loved with a devotion worthy of admiration. His rare conversational powers, his charming manner, and earnest expression were charms to attract and hold the attention of those within reach of his voice, both as a lecturer and in private conversation. He would tell us often of incidents in his life freighted at times with pathos, then again sparkling with Irish wit and he would sometimes spice his lectures with a good joke. He rather prided himself in wearing an old long black waterproof coat, that came down to his heels, fastened at the waist with a belt. Especially would he don this garb when he gave his lectures in the Northern States and would enjoy asking them if they took him for a Ku Klux.

While visiting his brother's family in Virginia, he arose one morning early and meeting his little niece in the hall he took her in his arms and walked into the dining room. Over the mantel hung a large picture of the Crucifixion and in a very serious manner he asked her if she knew who those wicked men were, that were crucifying Our Saviour? Instantly she replied, "O yes I know," and you can imagine his chagrin when she replied—"The Yankees." He told us about his visit to Pope Pius the IX and the sympathy expressed by him for the South, endeared him more than ever to his heart. He spoke of the Pope's simple manner of living at the Vatican, his fatherly reception and the benediction he bestowed upon him. He told us also of a lonely Southern girl whom he rescued from a most unfortunate marriage. She was his godchild and when she came to him and told him of her betrothal, her face beaming with joy he said to her, "I must withhold my blessing dear child, until I find out for myself, if this young man is worthy of your love." Full of trust and devotion she allowed him to go to New Orleans and awaited his return with confidence and hope.

Alas! What did the good man find? He found a villain, with a wife and child but he saved his godchild from a wrecked life.

The memory of Father Ryan is embalmed with the sweet flowers of the South and in the years to come will live in the hearts of every true Southerner as the sad faced Poet-Priest and the Sweet Singer of the Southern Confederacy.

These reminiscences of Father reveal the nature of his character and his big, noble heart was ever ready to serve others and aid those who needed his kind words of cheer.

He was a man who had suffered and his suffering had taught him a quick and ready sympathy, developing a rare and beautiful unselfishness that grew with years.

Let us, the Daughters of the Confederacy, wreath sweet immortelles and crown his works and deeds of mercy.

POEMS

WINGS

(Written in memory of a pilot friend who was killed by a plane crash at Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala., in 1942.)

As Fliers conquer space—the prophet's dream
Of travel through the air, living in time
Beyond world fringe—man courses "on the beam"
And climbs the clouds in cold and sultry clime.
Though sky be dark and earth deep drenched with rain.
He seeks the heights and races with the gale,
And rides the storm (fearless of death or pain),
While dark shores roll below sun-vapored vale.

The peaks attained by man's immortal soul,
Are reached by thoughts that mount with eagle wings
Born of high dreams and living that is whole.
Girded with truth, freed from all sordid things,
On wings of Spirit man achieves the goal:
Forgetting self with Faith at the control.

J. Mitchell Pilcher.

THE UNCONQUERED DEAD

These pressed toward the mark of their high calling,
In the hour when others fled,
Weary and wounded, forward falling—
Dauntless in life, unconquered dead!

J. Mitchell Pilcher.

In memory of Alabama's Confederate dead,
buried in the old Federal Prison Cemetery,
Camp Chase, Ohio.

LOAVES AND FISH

She only sought to feed her own
Small lad she loved so much—
But at man's need Love's might was shown—
The miracle of touch!

J. Mitchell Pilcher.

SPARROWS

At dawn
Hungry sparrows
Begin their day with song
Just as though they know that Heaven
Cares for them.

J. Mitchell Pilcher.

PIED PIPER

The sandpiper with ease and grace
And playful as a clown,
Along the sandy silver stream
Is tripping lightly down.

He jogs so merrily along,
And not a note he sings
Until he finds his fare—a worm—
Then piping spreads his wings.

J. Mitchell Pilcher.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

The printed page is like a lamp that shines
Into a darkened mind, and those who use
A drop of ink to edit and diffuse
Its rays should seek a purpose that refines:
For though the page be cloaked in odd designs
To advertise and circulate the news,
Courageous editors with honest views
May sway a thinking world with simple lines.

The power of the living press requires
No further proof of its authority;
It will be felt as long as man desires
To know the truth, and knowing, still be free;
And long may it survive to kindle fires
Of faith in Freedom and Democracy!

Lucille Key Thompson

Describing
A CHARMING ROOM

Soft green floor, a velvet carpet truly,
And shadowy panelled walls of precious wood—
Gracious background for a lovely lady
And objects that her taste and knowledge chose,
Tall vases from the East, and ruby glass,
Grave portraits of the great and famous men
And volumes bound in leather to preserve
 their story and the history of our land
For generations living and as yet unborn.

Irene

(Dedicated to the Director's office in the World War Memorial
Building Author's full name not given.)

"UNCLE MOSE"

At first, I did not see him
As I came around the wall.
He seemed so much a part of dead, brown leaves
And crumbling stone.
Two scores of years had passed,
And I had returned to make a call
On mostly memories
Of my childhood home.

There was so little left,——
Just broken stones and dreams
Of days gone by:
A few gnarled, twisted trees
Of all their leaves bereft;
A gloomy, sad, lead-colored winter sky.

He heard my backward step
As startled, I recoiled.
"Who dat?" he asked as wakened from a doze.
And to his almost sightless eyes
He raised a brown hand, scarred and soiled.
"Who dat?" he asked again,
And then, I knew twas Uncle Mose
Who even many years before my time
Had served my kin.

He had always seemed so very old
That I had thought many a year
He had gone to those who entered
In the fold.

"O Uncle Mose," I cried,
"Tis I—— And many years ago,
"I went away to roam!"
His old eyes opened wide.
"Hallelujah! Bress de Lawd, Miss Milly chile,"
The old man sighed,
"Praise Gawd, you've come to pore ole Mose!
"My White Chile,
"Welcome Home!"

Ethylle Wright Neil
Margerum, Ala.

TO ONE DEPARTED

So many things make me think of you
White dogwood clouded against the blue
Of April sky. A robin by the door
Patiently awaiting your crumbs.
Red sunset, twilight, the gray of dawn,
A mower going merrily down a well-kept lawn,
Your rocking chair beside the grate,
Cushioned and waiting your return however late.
But oh, the thing that recalls you most to me,
Is your old cob pipe still lying where it used to be.

Lillie Mae H. Box

WHY SEEK FAIR FARTHER FIELDS

We have the world in one fair garden close:
Holland is in the sun-splashed tulip bed,
Bermuda lillies raise tall chaliced heads,
The old world dwells within each royal rose,
Japan in iris purple fragrance spreads
Along the paths. Why seek fair farther fields,
Earth's beauty lives in bloom one's garden yields.

ANNE SOUTHERNE TARDY

INTIMATE TEXTURE

The sea is smooth, though breakers mark the shore,
Waves are but texture of the winds that rake
The iridescent water, while they tear
To foam the crests that ultimately break
The straight immutable edge
Transcending need of compass or of plane,
As smooth as jade beyond the frosty ridge,
Which homes on troubled waves, and out again.

ANNE SOUTHERNE TARDY

SEA SONG

Then put away the care that eats your heart!
This is the sea,
Where billows ride, recede, eternally.
The tide stops at its mark,
Along these sands
Man's power is at naught,
God raises on the air sky-arches free
To His demands.
The winds blow in attune
With His stern will,
So bends the sea itself to earth's deep curve,
Nor does it swerve
A wave's length from its course.
It were folly still
To harbor care a moment in the heart,
When wind and wave
Through every foam-tossed crest, and briney nave
Is held in thrall,
In unison with the behest
Of unseen Will, though free of man and all
His machinations,
His deep science and persuasions.
Then put away the care that eats your heart,
Make no protest,
This is the sea!

ANNE SOUTHERNE TARDY

THE BRIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Would you hear the tragic song and story
Of the maiden Talladega? Of the
Love she cherished, dear, yet transitory,
The fated love, the hopeless tragedy?

Chocolocco, Chief of the valorous tribe
Of Creeks, called his daughter Talladega,
"The Bride of "The Mighty One," so to bribe
Her youthful heart. He was eager
She should wed old Cheaha, rich and proud,
With many lands and mysteries endowed.

But Talladega gave no thought to love,
She sought the woods, and little birds that sing
She gloried in the deep blue sky above,
And all of nature's spring awakening.

Suitors came with gifts to win her favor,
Belts of wampun, furs and glittering ornaments,
Not for such of these did her proud heart waver,
She pushed them aside with proud indifference.

Chocolocco fussed, Chocolocco fumed,
Made dire threats of woe against his daughter,
With quiet smile, obedience assumed,
Talladega turned and went to fetch the water.

As she tarried dreamily at the spring,
She heard a note of such completeness,
That she, herself, must linger there and sing,
A welcome in her heart with all its sweetness.

Next morning, at first crimson touch of dawn,
Talladega, heart aflame, made her way:
By some mysterious power she was drawn
To tender waiting arms that bid her stay!

So began the ardent wooing. The song
Found gentle echo in her heart:
The music she had waited for so long
Was her's alone, . . . a blessing set apart.

Came another warrior wooing: bearing
Richer gifts to Talladega. . . to her
Father, Choccolocco: boldly daring,
Boasting his right her heart to stir.

Came then Coosa, he who sang his way
Into her heart. No dazzling gift he brought,
Only his true devotion, day by day,
The mutual love by the Great Father taught.

The haughty Chief bade him take his leave,
"Away! Let not ambition your heart deceive!"
(Princess Talladega was not for him!)
Coosa whispered to his love: "Do not grieve,
Let the night fall, the moon and stars grow dim,
Then Talladega, follow where I go!
The man of medicine wil lead the path,
To guide us on the a way we do not know;
A peaceful way, secure from pride and wrath,
Where love is ours, and everlastings grow."

The night came down, the sun had made his rounds,
Choccolocco lay awake, longing for the dawn:
He heard a hooting owl, "Bad luck, these sounds,"
Awake, he wondered where the sun had gone!

When Choccolocco left his wig-wam,
By early morning light, restless with care,
The air was heavy with a passing storm,
He called "Talladega!" She was not there.
He looked to the mountain, Coosa lay sleeping,
Stretched on the mountain, in a long rest.
Softly beside him, her dear love-watch keeping,
The princess lay quiet, a knife in her breast!

Coosa still sleeps across the mountain bare,
Sleeps on the mountain, nor sighs for release:
Talladega, the city, "Bride of The Mountain,"
Keeps watch by her lover,
That he rest him there,
In peace!

ANNE SOUTHERNE TARDY

BOOK REVIEWS

(In former issues of the Quarterly the Book Reviews were in the main written by Dr. Emily Calcott, a member of the faculty of the State Teacher's College at Troy, Alabama. Dr. Calcott is now teaching in another State and can no longer give the necessary time to writing book reviews for the Alabama Historical Quarterly. The readers of the magazine, however, are fortunate in having presented herewith three brilliant reviews of recent publications by Dr. Emmett Kilpatrick, associate editor of the Quarterly and a distinguished soldier and educator.
M. B. Owen, Editor.)

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS CABINET

Louisiana State University Press. 1944. \$3.75

By Rembert W. Patrick

This book appeared in print seventy-nine years after the fall of the Confederacy and at a time when the United States was engaged in a third major war since the last cabinet meeting of Jefferson Davis. This fact alone bears witness to the vitality of the Confederate cause in the history of the United States. Since so many books have appeared on this subject and such microscopic research has been conducted by scholars from the North and South alike, one is led to believe that a definite level of thought on this historic event has been difficult to reach.

The author, Dr. Rembert W. Patrick, knows the South and combines a scholarly intellect with an emotional balance in the treatment of his subject. He has what might be called a feeling for the South, but nowhere does this feeling strike the note of either prejudice or bias.

The author presents something of a final estimate of Jefferson Davis and maintain that his "claim to conspicuous ability as a leader is incontestible." Loftiness of thought and a Spartan sense of duty were combined in this man. His first duty was to win the independence of the Confederacy, and his principal training had been military; yet he never forgot that he was acting within the limited powers granted him by a constitution of sovereign states.

Mr. Davis was dignified to the point of austerity, but his politeness and even cordialty were constant attributes. Perhaps his greatest weakness was his over-sensitive nature which caused

him to view "legitimate opposition as a personal affront." As criticism of the President became acrimonious, he likewise could be caustic in his written answers. But the man went right forward, undeterred by physical handicaps; and although harassed, he was apparently unhampered by personal attacks and continued to exert a forceful leadership until the very collapse of the Confederacy. However strong and tenacious of purpose Mr. Davis may have been, the verdict of history is most likely to condemn the loser. "The final defeat of the cause he led has dimmed Davis's reputation for leadership. A world that ever applauds success, too often, as in this case, fails to appreciate the quality of leadership that falls short of attaining the goal. The leader's errors and the defects and limitations of his character are magnified and stand out as do a few spots of ink on a sheet of white paper."

The Confederacy Cabinet has hitherto been more or less neglected by historians. The battle-field has long held the day in Confederate history; but with the clearing of the smoke a splendid stature of the statesmen immediately surrounding Jefferson Davis has been presented by Dr. Patrick. All members of Mr. Davis's cabinet are presented, their capacities judged, and their acts analyzed. The personal characteristics of these leaders are so pictured as to give them life without at any time falling into the stream of gossip.

The author maintains that the collapse of the Confederacy cannot justly be attributed to defects of the Southern civil administration. The members of the Confederacy Cabinet "were not supermen, for with their strength they also had their weaknesses. Among them there were a few who were miscast for the parts they were called on to play, but they were soon weeded out of the administration." Benjamin, Seddon, Memminger, Mallory, Reagan and Watts were excellent administrators and their statesmanship was on a very high level.

This book is livened up by a chapter on Court Life at the Confederate Capitals. Here we see the President and members of the Cabinet and their wives in the drawing room. "Mrs. Davis conducted her salon with her accustomed grace and conversational ease. Even her wonted equanimity must have been gravely threatened with upset, however, when on one such occasion the hats of sixty-four guests were stolen by some light

fingering opportunist." The war apparently did not dim social life, "for Richmond society was enlivened by a ceaseless round of dinners, parties, and receptions."

The author has occasion to mention Alexander H. Stephens only a few times in this work and he is presented as cadaverous, visionary, and gloomy. It may be true that Stephens contributed nothing to the success of the Confederate Cause; but this reviewer believes that it is also possible that the Vice-President of the Confederacy was the greatest political philosophy of them all.

Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet is somewhat more than a contribution to Southern history; it is a contribution to Southern culture. The book is more than admirably written, it is even classic in its conception, presentation, and exquisite English.

Emmett Kilpatrick

Alexander H. Stephens by Rudolph Von Abele, Alfred A. Knopf: New York

A new book on Alexander H. Stephens is always welcomed by all lovers of Confederate History, and especially so, when a new light is thrown upon this rather enigmatic character.

Dr. Rudolph Von Abele in his life of **Alexander H. Stephens**, has made a thorough going study of the public and private phases of the life of Stephens. From the point of view of Stephens' public career the author has not added much; but from a study of Stephens' private life as seen through a vast correspondence over a period of years, the author has brought into play modern psychiatry and psychoanalysis, and has given a new interpretation of Stephens.

Alexander H. Stephens' life was greatly influenced by a state of chronic ill health. All who saw him remarked about his emaciated body or cadaverous face. All that seemed alive about him was his piercing dark eyes. But like the creaking door that never falls, Stephens hung on to life until he reached the age of seventy-one—some years after the death of his much younger and devoted brother Linton.

Stephens was much in the world of men but not of them; he was isolated in a realm of his own. Yet this seems paradoxical, since men loved to find their way to him, and women enjoyed his company. One of Stephens' favorite pieces of literature was Byron's *Manfred*, a play characterized by rebellion and loneliness.

Stephens was always too ill or too feeble—or otherwise didn't have the inclination—to marry. Hence he remained a bachelor. Now, all unmarried people must needs center their affections on some person, persons, or thing. So Stephens centered his loves and loyalties on his family. Chief among these was his brother Linton. Stephens reared him, educated him, and had a devoted friend in him as long as Linton lived. All his thoughts, hopes and loves, he expressed to Linton. If the two brothers thought differently or felt differently about anything, it is not mentioned in a long and intimate correspondence. Linton had a vigorous and robust body, and his mind though capable, was far inferior to Alexander's. It might be doubted if a correspondence so filled with love, devotion and admiration can be found between any two brothers in history. All this might have meant a great deal to Linton who had a happy married life; but it meant much more to Alexander whose life was quite barren but for the love of Linton.

The fact is that Stephens had the mind of a man (several men for that matter) as well as the will of a man, but he did not have the body of a man. All his life and political career were, perhaps, influenced by this factor. If he could not be the equal of men in some respects, he must be superior to them in others. He hated the injustices, the pettinesses and wickedness which he saw everywhere in mankind. He abhorred "the baseness, meanness and brutality that abound everywhere." While his entire life is characterized by loftiness of thought and action, still it might be said that Stephens despised this wicked world. However, his hatred of the baseness of man seems to have spurred him on to achievement. He won marked success in law, business, and politics.

However much he may have hated this wicked world, it is certain that human rights under the law, represent the most venerated principle of Stephens' political faith. He welcomed as all Southerners, the annexation of Texas; but he was irrevocably

opposed to aggressive warfare to obtain the new territory. It simply was not legal. However, the author maintains that it was not so much Stephens' hatred of unjust warfare as it was his personal hatred of President Polk and states, that, "so far as it can be guessed, it (the hatred) had no particular motivation. No cause appears. There may have been a cause—a word, a gesture, an act. . . All that can be said that Stephens hated Polk and everything he did."

From the above statement it appears to the reviewer that the author is venturing a little too far in his conclusions. Stephens could get angry and fight a duel when his over-wrought pride was injured; but nowhere is Stephens, a hater except where principle—as opposed to simple personal hatred—is concerned. Stephens maintained that "Polk was the sole beginner of the war; he was a megalomaniac who considered himself a king whose ukases were not to be questioned but mutely obeyed; he was insolent, ambitious, unscrupulous, arrogant, dictatorial, a self-constituted lordling, and was warned to study the history of Charles I." The hatred here expressed may have a personal basis, but it is the forerunner of a hatred later expressed by Stephens for the so-called dictatorial powers of the President of the Confederacy.

Now, while Davis and Stephens were types which were quite different by training and nature, they each respected the other personally, if not politically. Davis was of the heroic type who wanted all-out warfare—all physical and moral forces must be combined to effect the successful conclusion of the war—while Stephens so feared the loss of legal rights to the individual that as the war wore along, he became indifferent as to who should win. Since the constitutions of both opponents were identical from the point of view of personal liberty, there was small need for any choice save in the protection of constitutional government. And it might have been that Stephens considered Lincoln less the dictator type than Davis in whom he saw the spector of a dictator and whose war efforts he impeded to a degree.

It is conceivable that if Alexander H. Stephens had given his unstinted support to the prosecution of the war, the South might have won. But, no, the basis of his ideology was, "Away with the idea of getting independence first, and looking after

liberty afterwards. Our liberties once lost, may be lost forever." We thus find the pale, sad little man, Titan-like struggling against all forces, even those of his own government—in his abject thralldom for personal liberty, or perhaps psychologically for personal dignity.

Emmett Kilpatrick

THE HERO OF HORNET'S NEST,**A BIOGRAPHY OF ELIJAH CLARK**

By Louise Frederick Hays

Hobson -Book Press, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.

The Hero of Hornet's Nest presents a vivid picture of the struggles on the Georgia frontier in the early days of American efforts to gain freedom from Great Britain. There were three major struggles which confronted those colonists who sought independence and self government; three hostile forces had to be met and overcome: the British, the dissident Tories, and the Indians. Against all these Elijah Clark stands as a hero in arms who never falters, though the odds are often against him.

Life in these days on the frontier was highly individualistic, but withal there was enough group spirit and determined will to win. It was indeed an epoch when the bold individual such as Elijah Clark was an essential for success. The hero of this book did not know or recognize defeat in his encounters with Tories, Indians, British, or the rude works of frontier life.

Military life started early for Elijah Clark while he was yet a young man clearing a path in the wilderness, building a rough house for his stout-hearted young wife, Hannah, and a beginning family. The Back country folk were left without much or any protection against the Indians and had to shift for themselves.. Under such conditions the pioneers were forced to make plans for their own self-preservation by organizing militia companies of their own. Elijah Clark was chosen Captain of one of these companies because of his natural ability for leadership and for his realistic attitude in dealing harshly with the Indians. His military career continued even into the time when Washington was President of the newly established Republic; likewise his promotions were constant up to the grade of Major General.

The military exploits of Elijah Clark cover a period of approximately a quarter of a century. Viewed from the standpoint of the large scale engagements of recent wars many of the battles on the Georgia frontier can only be considered cross-roads skirmishes; but it was just such skirmishes that were necessary for the achieving of American independence.

While Elijah Clark was the often wounded hero of many battles in Georgia and South Carolina, his best contribution to the Cause, perhaps, was his understanding of the Tory menace and the necessity for unified action on the part of Georgia and South Carolina. The Tories constituted the most numerous party in South Carolina, while in Georgia they far outnumbered the Whigs. "The patriots in Georgia lived in daily peril, and had almost daily skirmishes with the Regulars, Tories or Indians." Elijah Clark spent no time in temporizing with the Tories. While some Georgians—perhaps not all of them Tories—were taking a new oath of Allegiance to England, Elijah Clark determined to keep fighting to save Georgia, and decided that the best course was to help South Carolina resist Cornwallis.

Clark's military career did not end with the defeat of England. Some ten years after the Revolutionary War, we find Hannah Clark remonstrating with Elijah as he prepares to go forth against the hostile Indians: "Elijah, do you have to go? You must remember you are getting older: 'Why don't you let John (Colonel John Clark, their son) and these younger men do the fightin' now? Thar's no use in your killing yourself a fightin'. It seems to me that you've been off worrying with these old Indians ever since we've been in Georgia . . . I've had to raise all these children by myself, and at times fight the Indians to . . . now we have a good home and you have that little cowhide trunk full of Land Grants. I know most of it is in wild lands which you've never seen, but this land around the house is cleared and you have plenty of negroes and stock to work it . . . Can't you just quit fightin' and stay here and tend to your own business?"

All this and more Elijah Clark heard, but he just sat and listened and looked into the open fire. Finally he spoke: "Hannah, I can't forsake these men. They have fought with me for many years. I picked out land for them and signed their grants. It's good land and worth fightin' to hold . . . I thought when we whipped the British that he would have peace with the Indians No, Hannah, I have spent most of my life trying to make these ceded lands a safe place for our folks and I can't forsake them now." Thus the Indians fell under the sturdy stroke of destiny and the Pioneer.

The Author treats with a sympathetic touch such subjects as **General Elijah Clark's Republic**, or **General Elijah Clark in the French Intrigue**, and sustains her argument with historical precedents. Such incidents of individual initiative as had been heretofore permissible, were now being curbed by the Central Government at Washington which was becoming jealous of its prestige and directive forces. Formerly such pioneers as John Sevier, James Robertson, and Elijah Clark, had planned their own military operations; but by the year 1794 things had changed; and when General Clark's Republic was dissolved by the Federal Government at Washington, Elijah Clark was perhaps the most surprised man of them all.

This book is filled with personal incidents of Revolutionary days, such as Nancy Hart's capturing a Tory by throwing boiling hot lye soap in his eyes, and marching him across Broad River to deliver him to Colonel Elijah Clark, who promptly swung him to the nearest tree. Or, in a more pleasant vein, we find a description of the visit of President Washington to Augusta, Georgia, when he was entertained at an assembly in the large room of Richmond Academy, "where there were between sixty and seventy well dressed ladies present, the largest number of ladies ever collected in Augusta to this time." Among this group was General Elijah Clark in full dress uniform, with huge fringed epaulets and his sword dangling at his side. And next to him sat Hannah Clark in her new merino dress. The Clarks had arrived after a quarter of a century of struggle.

The author of this book, Mrs. Louise Frederick Hays, Director of the Georgia Department of Archives and History, has done a long and meritorious piece of research. She does not conceal the fact that Elijah Clark is a hero in her eyes, but withal one feels that she has a correct historical impartiality. The book is filled with documented incidents, and the number of characters is so large that one might think that nearly every Georgian, as well as many inhabitants from adjacent states, could find an ancestor listed among these hardy pioneers.

Emmett Kilpatrick

GENEALOGICAL INQUIRIES

ANDREWS—Athelston Andrews, was a Baptist minister of Autauga County. He was the son of Richard Andrews and his mother was the daughter of Gabriel Ray. Athelston Andrews was born in Washington County, Georgia and died February 4, 1892 in Autauga County, Alabama. He was married five times. Any information about him or his ancestors. Mrs. E. W. Schwartz, 1225 Talbert St., Washington 20, D. C.

DUNCAN—GAY. These lines in Alabama. In Duncan family the given names that appear are Rhodes, Jacob and John, while in the Gay family we find Cecelia. Mrs. Florence L. Sawyer, 1106 Fifth Ave., Fort Worth, Texas.

ESTELLE—Wanted information on the Estelle, Joiner, Booker and Pope families of Alabama. LeRoy Estelle, Valley Homes, Apt. 27 C., Ambridge, Pa.

GARRETT—My father Mitchell Robert Garrett was born near Lineville, Ala., and my grandfather, William Elijah Garrett was a Baptist minister near Lineville. My great-grandparents were Mitchell Bennett Garrett and Matilda Caroline McCain. Any information appreciated. Mrs. Elaine Garrett Nelson, 4818 Hillside, Lincoln 6, Neb.

GWIN—Interested in Clarke County families. Elbert Bruce Gwin came to this county in 1810 with his parents. John L. Burton was born in Georgia and married Amanda Frances Booth in that state. Neville C. Booth was county surveyor for that county in 1865. Martha Jones, sister of Major Joseph Jones of Walker Springs, married my great-grandfather. Mrs. H. Wilson Maghdt, 3746 Tudor Arms Ave., Baltimore 11, Md.

LOTT—George Lott, of Morgan County, had the following children: Ann (Lott) Edwards, Esther (Lott) Riggs, Leonard Lott, James Lott, William Lott, George Lott and Rebec-

ca Lott. I am also interested in Isaac Edwards, of Morgan County. Homer D. Holmes, Box 1544, Abilene, Texas.

McCULLOUGH—Sam McCullough, born 1812, in Alabama, married Polly Vess, born in Alabama 1815. Grateful for any help. Mrs. Jack H. Rice, 642 Divine Ave., Casper, Wyoming.

ROACH—John Roach married Deborah Howard. They had a son John Daniel Roach. John Daniel Roach was born in 1787 in Saint James Santee Parish, S. C., where his parents were married in 1785. John Daniel Roach died in Dallas County, Ala., in 1837, having moved from Monroe County before 1824. Mrs. Percy Caldwell Fair 530 Louisiana St., Mansfield, La.

WILKINSON—I am interested in the Wilkinson family. Capt. Thomas A. Enloe, AGD, 2120 16th St., Washington 9, D. C.

TAYLOR—Jeremiah Taylor, b. S.C. Aug. 30, 1792; d. Etowah Co., Ala. Nov. 7, 1871. His wife, Charlotte, b. Georgia on 1800. d. in Etowah Co., Ala., Oct. 29, 1886. Issue: Henry Franklin LaFayette Taylor, b. 1837, d. 1862; Sarah Taylor, m. Col. Wm. C. Lee, as his 3rd wife; Betty Taylor, d. unmarried in Etowah County, Ala. One daughter married a Ramsey. There may have been other children. Please write Louise T. Pharr, New Iberia, La.

